

# The AMERICAN GIRL

August

1955 • 25 ¢





# We'll Send a Box of Christmas Cards

## To All Who Want **EXTRA MONEY!**

**After School, Saturdays, Holidays — You Can Make \$25.00 to \$100.00 and More Just Showing Famous**

### Wallace Brown Christmas Cards

Girls! YOU can be as happy as thousands of other girls! Don't just wish for extra money to buy the things you want. Why, there are lots of girls all over the country today making dollar after dollar of good hard cash, just showing folks the new Wallace Brown Assortments of Christmas Cards and Gift Items. YOU can do it too! Right in your town there are dozens of people who'll be happy to order these cards from you—friends, family, neighbors, storekeepers. And the best thing is—you don't have to sell! We send you samples to show around—and they'll do the selling for you. When folks see these beautiful samples and learn how low-priced the assortments are—they'll probably order several boxes right on the spot. Often you'll be selling 3, 6, or more boxes at a time. YOU make up to 50c profit on every box you sell!

### Big Line of Over 50 Thrilling Money-Makers!

You need no experience—and you have so much to offer to bring extra cash. There are the two easy-selling Assortments shown here and many other exciting Christmas Assortments like the luxurious Religious Scripture-Text, the delightful Christmas Angels, sparkling new "Tall" Jewel Scenes, gay, clever Christmas Humorous, breathtaking Winter Magic Photochromes . . . Gift Wrappings and Ribbons too! In addition, a complete line of lovely Everyday cards for Birthdays, Get Well and many other occasions. Also Children's Books, Imported Napkins, Stationery, and many novelty Gift Items! They all spell EXTRA MONEY for you!

### SEND NO MONEY to Get Actual Samples

See for yourself how much money you'll make. Mail coupon TODAY for "Feature" 21 card Christmas Assortment on approval and FREE samples of low priced name-imprinted Personal Christmas Cards. We'll also include FREE, our beautiful, big, full color catalog of the entire Wallace Brown line to start you making extra money immediately.

**CLUBS, ORGANIZATIONS—Raise money!** Fill your treasury with cash by taking orders for Wallace Brown Cards and Gift Items from members and friends. Check coupon for details of Fund-Raising Plan and give name of organization.

**WALLACE BROWN, INC.** 11 East 26th Street, Dept. T-120  
New York 10, New York

**Paste coupon on a postcard or mail in envelope**

WALLACE BROWN, INC., Dept. T-120

11 East 26th Street, New York 10, N. Y.

Please rush "Feature" 21-Card Christmas Assortment on approval, FREE Samples of Personal Christmas Cards and FREE full-color illustrated Catalog of entire Wallace Brown money-making line.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City & Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

☐ Check for organization plan

### POPULAR PRICED *Personals!*

**ACTUAL SAMPLES  
FREE!**



Make even *more* money with four groups of outstanding Special Value Name-Imprinted Personal Christmas Cards . . . distinctive styling, low prices—for every purse and taste—Traditional, Religious, Cute, Formal, Currier & Ives . . . exclusive designs, luxury papers, including rich, deep-toned Suedes and genuine Parchment Cards. *They sell on sight!* Mail Coupon NOW!

**We Deliver to Your Customers and We Pay Postage!**



by MARJORIE VETTER

**HOLD FAST THE DREAM.** By ELIZABETH LOW. *Harcourt, Brace and Company*, \$3.00. Like most young people, Blithe Moreland was impatient of the slow, tedious steps by which the techniques of an art are mastered. To be living in Paris with an older cousin and working in the studio of M. Pierre, famous sculptor, was the fulfillment of a dream. Blithe was so eager to show what she could do that she couldn't take the time to make a good armature, though M. Pierre and her fellow student, Jim McGill, had warned her of the importance of this wire framework for her statue. She and big, quiet Jim talked shop, had a few dates. On a trip to Salzburg, Austria, to deliver a present for a friend, Blithe met Conrad Lang and his family, and came under the spell of the beautiful Lippizan horses of the Spanish Riding School. Fired with a grandiose plan to carve a group of these horses in marble, Blithe returned to the studio after a two-day absence (an unpardonable sin in the eyes of the maestro) to find that her armature had collapsed while M. Pierre was using it for a demonstration, and she had been expelled from his class. After a bitter struggle, Blithe began to see the value of her teacher's parting advice to "do one small, simple thing, love it, toil over it, weep over it. . . Show me a thoughtful piece of work," he had said, "and I will find a place for you in my studio." Blithe went back to Austria determined to prove to herself, and to M. Pierre, that she could work seriously enough, hard enough, long enough to model the group of horses she had dreamed about—only to find the horses had gone on tour for the winter. She spent long months sketching horses; working, studying, experimenting, her loneliness relieved only by the kindness of the Lang family, occasional visits from Jim, and an amusing correspondence with the unseen artist who shared her rented studio. By the time she returned to Paris, though she suffered another disappointment, she could show M. Pierre that she had learned what it means in work and sacrifice to be an artist; so that he could tell her, "Now, Mademoiselle Blithe, you are ready to *begin!*" She had made a discovery, too, about quiet, generous Jim. Older girls will enjoy the fine Austrian background, the Lippizan horses, and Blithe's slow realization of the fundamentals of her art, in this mature and satisfying novel.

**THE HIDDEN GARDEN.** By MABEL R. BENNETT. *John Day Company*, \$2.75. This is not a fairy story, though it tells of a transformation as great as any wrought by a fairy with a wand. Back of five tenements in a New York City slum was a big yard, knee-deep in ever-growing piles of trash which



A revolutionary idea in sleeve construction that keeps the child's blouse always neat — it won't pull out.



No. 523—White Sanforized broadcloth embroidered with colorful compasses and globes.

No. 526—White Sanforized broadcloth with two-tone embroidered flowers on collar and pocket.

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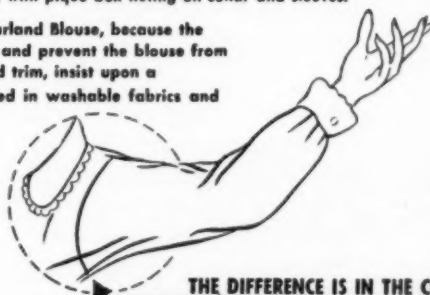
No. 510—Colorful jewel print on Sanforized broadcloth. Removable chain with jeweled pendant.

No. 536—White Sanforized broadcloth with pique box fluting on collar and sleeves.

Active girls never look messy in a Garland Blouse, because the sleeves are cut to take up the action and prevent the blouse from pulling out. To always keep neat and trim, insist upon a Garland Blouse. They're smartly styled in washable fabrics and very inexpensive.

ONLY  
SIZES . . . 3 TO 6X—  
7 TO 14  
PRETEENS, 10 to 14  
**\$1.99**

Garland Blouse Company,  
152 W. 36th St., N. Y. 18, N. Y.



THE DIFFERENCE IS IN THE CUT

In Budget Departments of better stores including these listed:

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Shillito Co. . . . . Cincinnati, Ohio  
Bailey Co. . . . . Cleveland, Ohio  
May Co. . . . . Cleveland, Ohio  
Rike-Kumler Co. . . . . Dayton, Ohio  
May Co. . . . . Denver, Col.  
Crowley Milner & Co. . . . . Detroit, Mich.  
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Martin's . . . . . Sioux City, Iowa  
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## Your High-School Fashions Never Had it So Smooth!

And that smooth look starts with Bobbies!

You can count on these whisper-light Girdles and Britches to slim you where you want slimming. You can depend on these dainty bras to support you with gentle assurance. And you can confidently expect all your clothes—from sweaters to strapless formals—to take on new flair! The reason is just this . . . Bobbies are designed exclusively for the teen figure . . . meet your own special needs to perfection. See the difference this just-for-you proportioning makes! Buy Bobbies today at your favorite store!

**Bobbies**  
Formfit  
CREATION

Bobbie Bra No. 441, snowy fresh cotton broadcloth with elastic release for action-free comfort. Wonderfully washable. 30AA to 36A, \$1.50.

Bobbie Britches No. 819, freedom-minded elastic net slims with a light touch. Daintily bordered with lace elastic. \$3.95.

THE FORMFIT COMPANY • CHICAGO • NEW YORK • TORONTO

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN CANADA

tenants of many nationalities threw from their windows. What a shock it was to Anna Schoop, who had been brought up in the ordered beauty of a Dutch tulip farm, in a small town where everyone was a courteous neighbor and friend. Kindly traveling companions had brought Anna and her older sister to the New York tenement, when their Uncle Hans failed to meet them on their arrival from Holland. It seemed only natural to Anna to clear away a circle of broken bottles and tin cans to permit the tree to breathe, just as it seemed natural to her to treat the quarreling tenants—the terrifying janitor, whose daughter was crippled by polio; the old Chinese grandmother; the young Jewish pigeon fancier; the big, boisterous Irish family; the music-loving Italians—with the same good manners and friendly interest she had shown her neighbors at home. No one took her preposterous statement seriously when she said she was going to clean up the trash and make a garden in the courtyard. How could one small girl without money or other resources transform a concrete-hard patch of barren soil, mounded high with trash, into a garden? But Anna was undaunted, patiently willing to progress an inch at a time. She charmed small children, swaggering teen-agers, unlikely adults into aiding in one way or another. Fertilizer came to her in the shape of manure from the stable where the Italian vegetable man kept his horse, and fish heads supplied by the Chinese grandmother; rejected shrubs and bushes were brought to her by a gardener who worked in Radio City; tulips were donated by her teacher's brother. It took a long, worrisome six months to locate Uncle Hans, but by that time Anna's garden was a charming spot and the tenants who used it were equally changed. There are tears and laughter in almost every page of this delightful story.



**6 ON EASY STREET.** By BETTY CAVANA. The Westminster Press, \$2.50.

"Only once in all the long years she would live, would Deborah Sanford be sixteen and, for the first time, in love. . . . All spring she had worn the title 'Craig Vale's girl' like a shining crown." Under these circumstances, it's small wonder she was miserably unhappy at being transported for the whole long summer to Nantucket, to help run the small inn the Sanfords had inherited. There were only two bright spots in the dismal picture—an invitation to spend a week in July with Craig's family and the fact that Carol Corwin, Debbie's best friend, was summering with her father at a nearby hotel. Carol envied Debbie her large, congenial family. Debbie thought Carol lucky to be the only child of an indulgent, successful father, for Debbie's big problem was to get the money to visit the Vales. Each of the Sanfords had his job to do at the inn. When Debbie, who waited on table, had her hopes for tips dashed, she turned feverishly to other schemes for raising money. In spite of her nagging worry over whether or not Craig would remain faithful in her absence, Debbie found herself enjoying many aspects of Nantucket life, and losing some of her self-centered childishness as she learned to view several important things in a new light. Carol had a hand in this, as had Paul Macy, an attractive local boy, and Philippe, an interesting French exchange student. Debbie, her mother, professor father, brothers, sisters, and friends make pleasant, entertaining book-friends and Nantucket an especially enjoyable background for vacation reading.

THE END

AUGUST, 1955



# the hecht co.

WASHINGTON, D.C.  
SILVER SPRING, MD.  
PARKINGTON, ARLINGTON, VA.



## last word! long torso corduroy jumper

### BLACK WATCH PLAID OR SOLID COLORS

In every school-girl's dictionary of fashion! Buttons punctuate the cuffed torso, the wide, gathered skirt falls gently. Velvety soft, pinwale corduroy newest in Black Watch Plaid (black-green-blue), smart in solid shades of red, turquoise, charcoal, or black. 7-14.

5<sup>99</sup>

*Italian-Cuff, Double-Wing-Collar Blouse*, cotton broadcloth, white, red, turquoise, pink, gold. 7-14, by Joanie Fashions..... 2.99

Mail your order to:  
THE HECHT CO., Washington 4, D. C., Dept. 40  
Please send me the torso corduroy "Young Timers" jumper, 5.99  
Quantity \_\_\_\_\_ Size \_\_\_\_\_ Color \_\_\_\_\_  
2nd Color \_\_\_\_\_ Price \_\_\_\_\_  
Send me the Joanie Fashions blouse, 2.99  
Quantity \_\_\_\_\_ Size \_\_\_\_\_ Color \_\_\_\_\_  
2nd Color \_\_\_\_\_ Price \_\_\_\_\_  
Print Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_ Apt. \_\_\_\_\_ County \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
Charge ☐ Add 2% sales tax if you live in taxable area. ☐ Check or M.O. ☐ C.O.D. ☐  
Shipping charges collect beyond our free delivery area. Add 25c for delivery and handling charge.

THE HECHT CO., GIRLS' SHOP, 2nd FLOOR, WASHINGTON AND SILVER SPRING; 3rd FLOOR, VIRGINIA  
THE AMERICAN GIRL

# The Most Popular "Couples"



## Going Steady Every Semester

**(A) DERBY's** classic class-mate, a long-sleeve shirt that picks up the fleck in the tweed skirt. Cotton in blue jay, terra cotta or firefly red. Subteen sizes 8 to 14. \$3.98

**(B) DERBY** scores again with a washable speckled wool skirt, belt to contrast, and pocket piping to match the shirt! Charcoal with blue, terra cotta or red. Subteen sizes 8 to 14. \$5.98

**(C) GRAND KNITTING** flags the fellows for you, with a dyed to match sweater team in Orlon, magic-touched with angora and pearls at the neckband. Red, flag blue or turquoise. Subteen sizes 8 to 14. (C) Cardigan \$6.98. (C1) Slip-on \$4.98

**(D) JAYMEE's** washable flannel skirt (a perfect sweater match) is full of good news and unpressed pleats. Match-

ing self-belt. Red, flag blue or turquoise. Subteen sizes 8 to 14. \$7.98

**(E) LITTLE ALICE STUART's** neat-as-a-pin blouse, cunningly contrasted with piping and petal applique. White cotton broadcloth trimmed with turquoise, charcoal or red, to match the skirt. Subteen sizes 8 to 14. \$3.98

**(F) CARROT TOP's** wonderful corduroy skirt with sweetheart waistline and hide 'n seek self-belt, a sweep of unpressed pleats. Turquoise, charcoal or red. Subteen sizes 8 to 14. \$5.98

**(G) JUDY LANE's** rain-or-shine all purpose coat... a corduroy coordinate with a glad touch... the black velvet collar; a mad touch... the fun button cuffs and matching pixie hat. Quilted cotton print lining. Red, turquoise or charcoal. Subteen sizes 8 to 14. \$12.98 complete



# at school this year



**All Subteen clothes on both pages  
are available at the following stores:**

Baltimore, Md. . . . . Stewart & Co.  
Boston, Mass. . . . . Chandler's  
Buffalo, N. Y. . . . . The Wm. Hanger Co.  
Charlotte, N. C. . . . . J. B. Ivey & Co.  
Clayton, Mo. . . . . Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney  
Dayton, Ohio . . . . . The Elder & Johnston Co.  
Denver, Colo. . . . . The Denver Dry Goods Co.  
Fort Wayne, Ind. . . . . Wolf & Dessauer  
Greenville, S. C. . . . . Ivey-Keith Co.  
Kansas City, Mo. . . . . Emery-Bird-Thayer Co.  
Knoxville, Tenn. . . . . Miller's, Inc.  
Lexington, Ky. . . . . Stewart Dry Goods Co.  
Los Angeles, Calif. . . . . The Broadway  
Louisville, Ky. . . . . Stewart Dry Goods Co.  
Memphis, Tenn. . . . . Goldsmith's  
Milwaukee, Wisc. . . . . Schuster's  
Minneapolis, Minn. . . . . Powers  
Nashville, Tenn. . . . . Cain-Sloan Co.  
New Orleans, La. . . . . D. H. Holmes, Ltd.  
Ogden, Utah. . . . . L. R. Samuels  
Raleigh, N. C. . . . . Ivey-Taylor  
St. Louis, Mo. . . . . Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney  
Salt Lake City, Utah. . . . . Auerbach's  
San Francisco, Calif. . . . . The White House  
Scranton, Pa. . . . . The Globe  
Montreal, Canada . . . . . Jas. A. Ogilvy's, Ltd.

## MAIL COUPON

### TO STORE LISTED

### WHICH IS

### NEAREST YOU

## STORE

Please send me the following:

ITEM	PRICE	SIZE	COLOR	2nd COLOR CHOICE
A	@ \$3.98			
B	@ 5.98			
C	@ 6.98			
C1	@ 4.98			
D	@ 7.98			
E	@ 3.98			
F	@ 5.98			
G	@ 12.98			

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_

ZONE \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_

Enclosed Check ☐ Money Order ☐ Send C.O.D. ☐

(Add city sales tax where required)

I have added 25c to cover cost of postage and handling.



# The Most Popular "Couples"



## Going Steady Every Semester

**(H) PRINCESS'** blouse is just plain good figuring... of nylon-cotton blend, with lantern sleeves, a professor's ribbon at the neckline. White, pink, blue, or maize. Subteen sizes 8 to 14. \$3.98

**(I) YOUNG TIMERS'** jumper goes up, up, up in scholastic standing. Washable flannel with a double-time march of pearly buttons up its front. Charcoal grey or charcoal brown. Subteen sizes 8 to 14. \$8.98

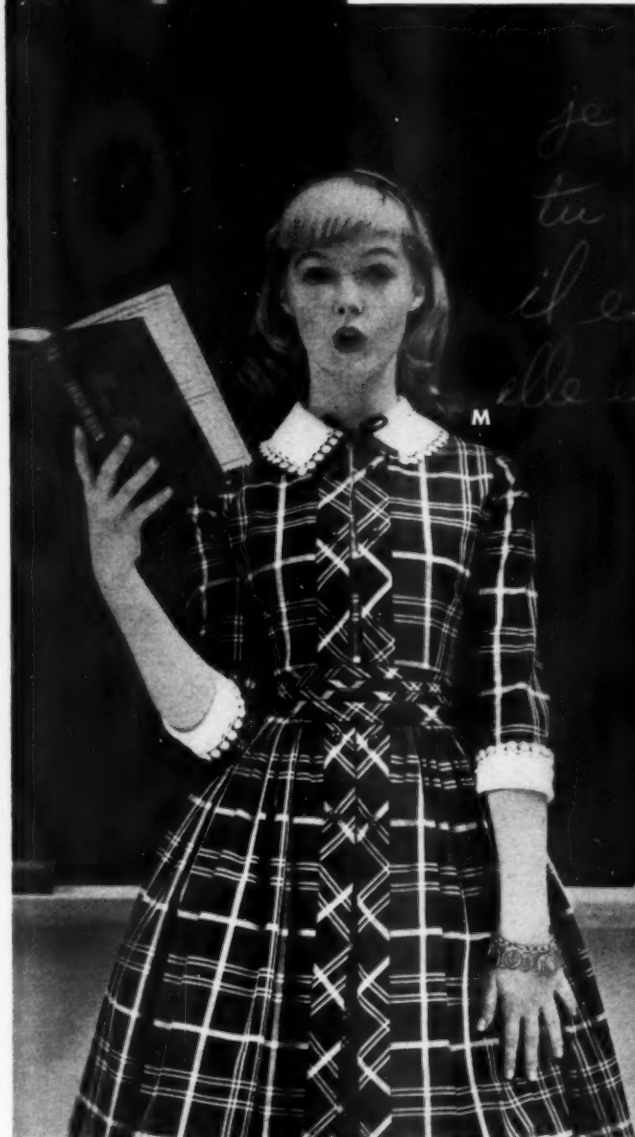
**(J) RANDY** does tricks... squares off the front of an over-blouse so it looks like a jumper... then adds a turtle-neck and push-up sleeves... (you can tuck it in, too.) Cotton knit in charcoal grey, vivid red, or charcoal brown, all with white contrast. Subteen sizes 8 to 14. \$2.98

**(K) ACTIVE** tabs its washable flannel skirt with diagonal pockets. Navy, black, charcoal brown or Oxford grey flannel with self-belt. Subteen sizes 8 to 14. \$5.98

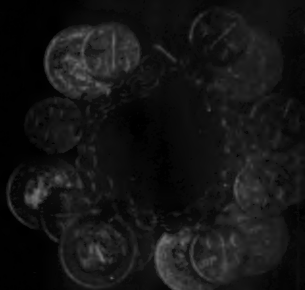
**(L) DERBY** tops everything with the craze for blazers. An authentic take-off on the collegiate's, fully lined. Charcoal brown, charcoal grey, or red flannel, all with white piping. Subteen sizes 8 to 14. \$12.98

**(M) PETTITEEN** chalks up a winner... Scotch plaid with a French accent! Your smartest tactic for school and after, with detachable cummerbund and Venise lace trimmed collar. Black, brown or navy cotton sparked with white. Subteen sizes 8 to 14. \$10.98

# at school this year



**(P) CAPULETS'**  
scooped cloche... brimmed with a sawtooth edge and topped with a badger brush! It's 100% wool Misto-tweed felt, the softest ever. It couldn't be more fitting... especially since it adjusts to every head size. Red, navy, charcoal, coffee or brown. \$2.98



**(O) BURNWOOD**  
goes to faroff lands for the American teen... and brings you their authentic coins. Genuine Mexican and Swiss coins... 15 of them... complete in one bracelet, in their natural, shiny, new beauty. All this money 'round your wrist, for only \$2.00 plus 10% tax.



**(N) YOUTH MODE**  
packs a "Fashionette" handbag full of high fashion... and fits it with special pockets to hold mirror, ballpoint pen and notebook. Simulated calfskin with matching lining in red, navy, brown, tan or charcoal. \$3.00 plus 10% tax.

All Subteen clothes on both pages are available at the following stores:

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Boston, Mass.	Chandler's
Buffalo, N. Y.	The Wm. Hengeler Co.
Charlotte, N. C.	J. B. Ivey & Co.
Clayton, Mo.	Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney
Dayton, Ohio	The Elder & Johnston Co.
Denver, Colo.	The Denver Dry Goods Co.
Fort Wayne, Ind.	Wolf & Dessauer
Greenville, S. C.	Ivey-Keith Co.
Kansas City, Mo.	Emery-Bird-Thayer Co.
Knoxville, Tenn.	Miller's, Inc.
Lexington, Ky.	Stewart Dry Goods Co.
Los Angeles, Calif.	The Broadway
Louisville, Ky.	Stewart Dry Goods Co.
Memphis, Tenn.	Goldsmith's
Milwaukee, Wis.	Schuster's
Minneapolis, Minn.	Powers
Nashville, Tenn.	Cain-Sloan Co.
New Orleans, La.	D. H. Holmes, Ltd.
Ogden, Utah	L. R. Samuels
Raleigh, N. C.	Ivey-Taylor
St. Louis, Mo.	Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney
Salt Lake City, Utah	Auerbach's
San Francisco, Calif.	The White House
Scranton, Pa.	The Globe
Montreal, Canada	Jos. A. Ogilvy's, Ltd.

**MAIL COUPON**  
**TO STORE LISTED**  
**WHICH IS**  
**NEAREST YOU**

## STORE

Please send me the following:

ITEM	PRICE	SIZE	COLOR	2nd COLOR CHOICE
H	@ \$3.98			
I	@ 8.98			
J	@ \$2.98			
K	@ \$5.98			
L	@ 12.98			
M	@ 10.98			
N	@ 3.00*			
O	@ 2.00*			
P	@ 2.98			

\*Add 10% Federal Tax.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_  
Enclosed Check ☐ Money Order ☐ Send C.O.D. ☐  
(Add city sales tax where required)  
I have added 25c to cover cost of postage and handling.

## YOUR FIRST LOVES

Just see how Gossard's two new and pretty *embroidered* bras grow with you! They have seams at the cups and back that you can let out. The garter belt and center bra are established pets of the teen-ish set. Which to choose? A try-on will tell you.

- a. #1206 of floral embroidered cotton. White. AA adjustable cup, \$1.75
- b. #159 garter belt of cotton and embroidered cotton. Back elastic. White. Waist sizes 22-30. \$1.75
- c. #1200 of white cotton with hemstitched seam trim. AAA and AA cups, \$1.50
- d. #1406 with colorful confetti embroidery on white cotton. AA adjustable cup, \$2. Also in nylon #1606, \$2.25


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or write us, we'll tell you where*

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*youthful Line of Beauty*



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The one coat  
you need  
is the smartest  
you can buy

*Wait till your friends see you in "Puff" . . . the coat that comes in so many styles, each beautifully tailored for school and pretty enough for a party! In Chatham's delightfully soft and warm 100% virgin wool fleece . . . in just the color you want. Sub-teen sizes 8-14, about \$35.00; girls sizes 7-14, about \$30.00.*

*Chatham's "Puff"  
is made exclusively by*

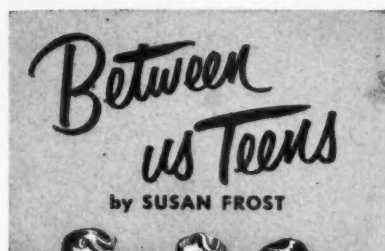
**MARLEE**

**"PUFF" IS A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND**

**Chatham**  
**FABRICS**

Write to Chatham Manufacturing Company, Apparel Division,  
Elkin, North Carolina, for name of nearest store.

Chatham Manufacturing Company  
Mills at Elkin, Charlotte and Spray in North Carolina



## Can a girl learn to be popular?

*Certainly! One way: by watching a popular girl and analyzing her "technique."*

Notice her voice. It's sweet and low—bubbly when she's happy—but never loud, never shrill. In fact, she gets attention by letting it come to her instead of yelling for it. She never embarrasses her date by being "loud." (He keeps coming back instead of shying away.)

Notice, too, that Miss Popularity is careful of her grooming. She never offends by body odor. Chances are, she uses New MUM, the cream deodorant with M-3. It clings to the skin, stopping odor 24 hours a day. Ever tried it?

Now listen to our popular gal's conversations. She does a heap of listening! She hangs on your every word, making you feel you're a genius. Trick is: this makes you think she's one! The technique works every time, honest!

Natch, Miss P. is hep. What she doesn't know, she learns. Like about New MUM. It's used by more women and girls than any other deodorant or anti-perspirant. Know why? It's dependable and safe. Won't irritate normal skin—and it's safe for your pretty clothes. See?

So to sum up: popularity works like a boomerang. You get interested in other people—they get interested in you. And to keep people interested in you, be sweet in every way—start using New MUM.

Sincerely,

*Susan Frost*

**P.S.** Want to know the good-grooming secrets of beautiful women? Write for the booklet "NOW IS THE TIME." Address Susan Frost, Dept. AG-85, Bristol-Myers Co., Hillside, N. J.



**NEW MUM**  
cream deodorant  
with long-lasting  
M-3 (HEXACHLOROPHENE)

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

# The AMERICAN GIRL

FOR ALL GIRLS—PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY GIRL SCOUTS OF THE U.S.A.

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### AUGUST COVER PHOTOGRAPH

Lovely candidate for high honors, be it school or date. The two-piece dress, modeled by Tuesday Weld, adheres to long-line tradition from contoured bodice to flared skirt. Top meets bottom with a smooth matting of blouse cuff and skirt torso-band. By Mildred of California in Chromspun-and-cotton; periwinkle, avocado, grape, or bittersweet with striped cotton-knit ascot; 8-14 subteen, about \$11. Making headline news too, Ira Weisman's Highland Fling pixie tam in seven lovely fall colors of sueded felt, about \$3. Cowhide barrel bag by Youth Mode; black, ginger, red, navy, or natural; about \$4. Stores on page 64. Fownes gloves; Cutex lipstick; Marvella leaf pin, bracelet.

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# THE GIRL WHO HAD EVERYTHING

*But it makes a difference what you mean by "everything"*

by BETTY CAVANNA

Illustrations by Will Davies

**D**IANE PAUSED AT THE STEEP STEPS leading from the house on the bluff down to the beach and drew a long breath of delight. The waters of Pleasant Bay sparkled in the sunshine, a trio of tiny sails scooted toward the Outer Bar, and at the tideline a group of sunburned children played around an overturned skiff.

It was a perfect summer picture. It included everything, even what Diane mentally termed "cheesecake" in the form of her cousin, Henrietta Harper, who was stretched, stomach down, upon a green beach towel. Her bright bathing suit contrasted sharply with her pale gold hair; her slim legs and arms were brown, and her fingernails and toenails were painted a clear orange-red. She could have posed, with no change of position, for a travel ad.

Only her expression would have to be altered, decided Diane as she ran down the steps to join her. Because Henrietta was frowning in a really desperate manner as she chewed the end of a pencil and surveyed a small notebook perched on a dollop of sand.

"What's the matter, Holly?" Diane asked.

"Everything," Henrietta sighed. "In other words, I'm broke."

"With *your* clothes allowance?" Diane sounded incredulous, because she was acquainted with the really munificent sum assigned to Holly every quarter. "But I thought it was—"

"That's just the trouble. It *was*!" Henrietta interrupted as Diane dropped down beside her. She groaned descriptively. "Do you know how much I have left to last until September first? Exactly sixteen dollars and eighty-five cents."

*"Do you know how much I have left to last until September?"*





"Well, you don't really need anything, do you?" Diana offered comfortingly, "I mean you have lots of clothes—"

Henrietta sat up with a shriek, and the breeze riffled the pages of the little notebook, so that the higgledy-piggledy figures of her accounting danced in the sun. "Why, I haven't a thing to wear to the yacht-club dance Saturday. Not a single solitary thing!"

"Your flowered linen—" protested Diane.

"That old rag?" Henrietta's tone changed the linen into flowered sackcloth. "I've already worn it half a dozen times!"

Diane clasped her knees a little tighter but said nothing. She was thinking of her own blue embroidered cotton, tired from frequent and repeated laundering, but still considered "good enough to take along to Cape Cod." By Cranford standards it was, actually, quite all right, but Diane was beginning to realize that Holly would probably consider it disreputable. She almost wished that she wouldn't have to appear at the Saturday dance.

Of course there was the chance that nobody would ask her. Having been here only a week, she didn't know anyone in Henrietta's crowd of summer acquaintances really well. And because they were still strange, the group of young people seemed especially glamorous—cut from a different pattern from the crowd back home, geared to a quicker pace, possessed of a line of chatter which she envied but had not yet learned to imitate.

Still, she was enjoying herself hugely. The house which Holly's parents had taken for August was spacious and weather-beaten and filled with a collection of summer-cottage furniture and mellow antiques which made it especially hospitable. The fact that it looked directly over the bay, to the sweep of the ocean beyond the bar, brought summer right to the doorstep, and the added fact that Aunt Hope and Uncle Mark had rented a little Woodpussy for the girls' use made the vacation little short of perfect in Diane's eyes.

Henrietta, to her visiting cousin's surprise, was a creditable sailor, although she was continually disparaging the single-sail craft which was hers for the month and yearned for a bigger boat. But then, from Diane's point of view, Holly was always wishing for the moon. The fact that she frequently got it, served up in a star-studded sky with a good-looking boy thrown in for good measure, became less remarkable year by year, while it filled Diane with the desire to become as much like her glamorous cousin as possible.

"Sixteen dollars and eighty-five cents." Henrietta bit her pencil savagely. Then, oblivious to the sunlight twinkling on the water, she stretched out moodily on her back so that she could toast her throat and the insides of her arms, and described a dress she had seen in a Chatham show window.

She was still singing its praises when her mother and Diane came down the steps and walked across the beach toward them, carrying back rests and magazines. With unusual alacrity she tucked the small notebook into her beach bag and jumped to her feet. "Hi, Mummy! Hello, Aunt Marcia! Isn't it a beautiful day?"

"Beautiful!" chorused the two women. They looked happy and attractively youthful in their trim swimming suits.

Henrietta arranged the back rest for her mother as Mrs. Graham asked, with a twinkle in her eye, "All alone?"

"For the moment, yes. I have problems," Henrietta admitted.

"Problems?" Mrs. Harper murmured conversationally.

Holly nodded. "I've torn my flowered linen—badly," she explained glibly, not the least disconcerted by Diane's surprised expression. "So I've just got to have a new dress for the yacht-club dance," she added, as though she were making the most reasonable statement in the world.

"Oh," said her mother, settling herself and polishing her sunglasses, "I didn't know you'd been asked."

"I haven't yet, but I will be." Henrietta sounded very sure of herself. With a slight grimace of annoyance, she added, "Tom Ristine is bound to invite me, today or tomorrow."

Diane squirmed, although she had long since learned to be respectful concerning her cousin's boasts. Henrietta undoubtedly

*Holly's forefinger moved on until it pointed to the Skylark*





had a way with the boys. If only Jim were here, she found herself wishing, and the first flaw in an otherwise perfect vacation appeared in her glance as she caught her mother's eye. Which would be preferable, to remain at home, abandoned, on Saturday night, or to tag along at Holly's heels with a second-rate date which had somehow been "arranged"?

"Fortunately," she roused to hear Henrietta saying brightly, "there's a really sweet white piqué in the Deb Shop window, and it's terribly cheap, only about twelve dollars." She was talking faster now, leaning forward, her pretty knees drawn up under her chin.

"How much?"

Suddenly Diane remembered that their mothers had been downtown yesterday, and she saw the same awareness flash into Holly's big brown eyes.

"I forgot exactly, but it was around that, anyway."

"It was fourteen ninety-eight," said Mrs. Harper flatly. "I noticed it myself."

"Was it that much?" Holly asked innocently. "Well, it's beautiful, anyway, isn't it?"

"It's very pretty," admitted Diane's aunt, "but so is the linen. I'll take a look at it."

Diane could see alarm in her cousin's eyes as Henrietta changed her tactics. "Mummy, when you and Daddy gave me a clothes allowance, you said I could spend it my way. Well, if I have enough money left and want to get the dress and do without something else, I can, can't I?"

Mrs. Harper hesitated a minute. "You may," she said finally, "but remember, money doesn't stretch. And," she added firmly, "there will be no advance on your allowance. September is over three weeks off, and there will probably be many things you will want more than the piqué dress. Bertha told me when she did the wash this week that your slips are in a disgraceful condition."

Holly smiled brightly, a smile which conjured legions of popular boys—all begging for a dance with her. "Pooh," she shrugged, and leaned over to kiss her mother behind the ear.

Diane had been scooping up handfuls of sand to let the grains drift through her fingers. Embarrassed by this interplay, she rose abruptly. "I'm going for a walk. Want to come, Holly?"

Anticipating her cousin's refusal, she started down the beach. Holly's behavior disturbed her. But then, perhaps she was just being jealous, because Holly always seemed able to get what she wanted. It was probably stuffy to be upset by a few fibs and a bit of deceit. She could undoubtedly profit by learning some of Holly's tricks. "Spoilsport," she said aloud, kicking a pebble with her toe.

"Don't you know there's a fine for talking to yourself?"

Abashed, Diane looked up into Tom Ristine's amused green eyes. "Oh—hi!" she said with a slight gasp, because in the intervening second she realized that he was not alone. Beside him stood a lad who shone with a glow as bright as Henrietta Harper's. He was tall, blond, and so vital that he looked positively shiny.

"This is Scott Cunningham," Tom said.

As Diane put out her hand she wished that her nose didn't freckle and that she had lashes as long as Henrietta's. She wished that her hair were curly, that she were two inches taller, and that she had taken pains to develop a "line." "Hello," she breathed, and thought, wait till Holly sees this! But at the moment they were hidden by the outcropping bluff from the group on the beach. If only she knew how to make that moment count!

But she only murmured. "You're new, aren't you?" as she tried to smile.

"Brand new," Tom answered for his friend. "He just got in last night."

"We go to school together, winters," Scott explained. His voice was deep and vigorous, and his grin was unstudied. Diane's heart flipped.

(Continued on page 38)

# Go-between

by EVELYN ZAGAMI

Illustration by John Kuller

BILL WHAMMED the volleyball across the net, sending it over Margie's head and into the petunias at the side of the house.

"Oh, murder, Mom'll have a fit," she said, retrieving the ball and propping the pink and purple flowers against each other for support.

"You're supposed to hit it back," Bill pointed out.

"Okay, so you're too good for me. Let's sit down, I'm dying."

She plopped on the sunny back steps, her brown legs stretched out, and flipped a hand in front of her perspiring face to create a breeze.

Bill sat down with his arms around his legs and his chin on his knees.

"Girls shouldn't compete with fellows in strenuous games," he remarked.

Margie sat up in wrath. "That's a fine thing to say," she protested, "after I've





## When Margie played John Alden for Bill Bainbridge, the result surprised them both

spent the best years of my life batting balls to you so you could slam 'em all over the countryside. Besides practically drowning myself trying to ride a surfboard just because you dared me to!"

Bill laughed, his teeth astonishingly white in his tanned face. "Will I ever forget the time you bumped into Chuck Oldfield's board when he was performing for the benefit of the girls on the beach," he said with enjoyment. "Blooeey!"

"Wasn't that awful?" Margie looked guilty for a moment, and then broke into laughter, too.

"That's what I say, strenuous sports aren't meant for girls," Bill repeated.

Margie stared at him. He was quite serious. There was also a rather dreamy air about him.

"Oh, I dig it," she said. "Sue Ellen Jones."

Bill sighed. "Does she ever talk about me?"

"She talks about all the attractive boys. We all do."

Bill looked surprised. "Thanks for the compliment," he said. "I suppose 'attractive' means anybody with two legs and one head?"

"It takes a *little* more than that," Margie said airily.

"Well, when you're talking about us, how about promoting me with Sue Ellen? You

know, heart of gold, dreamy dancer, that kind of stuff."

Margie permitted her eyelids to droop languidly over her clear blue eyes. "I wouldn't advise it," she said, inspecting her fingernails. "Sue Ellen has no sense of humor."

"Humor has no place in romance," Bill said seriously.

Margie's eyelids popped up. "Well, get you!" she said derisively, but there was a funny tingling in her fingertips.

Bill continued to gaze at the rosebush.

"All right, I *will* talk you up to Sue Ellen! You'll find out, when every funny thing you say falls flat at her feet. As for any antics—well, just refrain is my advice."

"Oh, for gosh sakes, I haven't even had a chance to ask her for a date yet! What cats girls—"

"Don't you *dare* finish that remark!" Margie commanded, rising and opening the screen door. "I am going to make a Dagwood sandwich," she said regally. "I will not return. As for you, William Garfield Bainbridge, you may feast upon the sight of our roses, since you are no doubt far above this earthly sphere. Adieu."

She went in and took stock of the refrigerator. There was bologna and Swiss cheese and a couple of anchovies that nobody would eat, and salmon paste and radishes. These made a very nice combination. She added a leaf of lettuce from the vegetable compartment. It was a lot of bother, but everybody kept insisting that green things were good for you, and now she had acquired a fixation, so that if there was something green to eat anywhere in the house and she didn't eat it, she felt guilty.

"Humph," she said as she downed her second glass of milk. She also snorted slightly, remembering an example of Sue Ellen's complacency.

As a matter of fact, it took three days before her mood was objective enough to approach her classmate on the subject of Bill. Sue Ellen herself opened the way.

"Come on over to my house," she said to Margie as they stashed books away in neighboring lockers after school on Friday.

"Okay," Margie agreed. "What goes?"

"I have a new dress for the Cadet Club dance."

"Oh. Who's taking you?"

Sue Ellen preened a bit, fluffing out the yellow hair that she wore loose about her shoulders. "I'm not sure yet," she said. "Maybe Fred. Maybe Harley. I haven't made up my mind."

Margie kicked a good-sized pebble with the toe of her shoe. It went wild and hit the side of a parked car. Somebody came out on the porch and glared at her.

Sue Ellen glared at her, too, and walked a step ahead until they were out of sight of the irate property owner.

"Come on upstairs," she said when they had reached the trim, prim Jones house. "Wipe your feet on the mat."

The dress was very pretty, and exactly right for Pretty Li'l Missy of the Old Plantation, which was Sue Ellen's constant role.

"I have a new dress, too," Margie said, after duly admiring the formal.

"Oh?" Sue Ellen sat down at her dressing table and began to brush her hair.

"It's blue, with a belt that laces in the—"

"Is it a formal?" Sue Ellen asked.

"N-no. But it's a party dress. I mean, it's pretty enough for parties."

"But not for formals like the Cadet Hop."

"I already said . . ." Margie stopped and counted ten. Sue Ellen continued to be absorbed in her reflection.

"I do want to go to the dance," Margie managed at last. This was true, she did. She did not mention that she already had a bid. "I wish Bill Bainbridge would ask me."

"You do?" Sue Ellen lowered the brush to think about Bill. Her expression showed distaste. "His uniform doesn't fit."

This was also true. Bill was still wearing the uniform the R.O.T.C. had assigned to him in his junior year at high, and Bill was still a growing boy.

"Clothes don't matter," Margie scoffed, casting an eye upon Sue Ellen's bed where the new formal reposed. "Bill's smart. He got almost straight A's last semester."

Sue Ellen pulled out the tiny drawer of her jewel case and began trying on earrings. "That doesn't mean much at a program dance," she remarked.

"It's important any time," Margie declared, sticking to her guns.

Sue Ellen turned her head from side to side to make her earrings glitter.

"He's a wonderful athlete, too," Margie said. "He can beat . . . beat practically anybody at tennis and volleyball. And swim—!"

"Golf is so much more sophisticated," Sue Ellen returned. "My daddy is teaching me how to play."

My daddy! Now they were back in the old southern mansion. Margie walked over to stand between the ruffled curtains of the open window. She breathed deeply. Inhale, one, two, three, exhale.

"Of course, Bill is very hard to pin down," she said over her shoulder. "They want him for so many things at school, and besides that he's primarily a man's man—the strong, silent type." If she goes for that she really is a cube, Margie thought.

"Like Burt Lancaster?" Sue Ellen mused, clasping her hands and leaning her chin on them.

"Huh?" Margie struggled to adapt herself to this one. Strong, Burt Lancaster certainly appeared to be, but—"I never thought of him as silent," she objected.

"In 'Come' (Continued on page 45)

"Strenuous sports aren't meant for girls," Bill said. Margie stared at him

Miller



*Daphne Philactopoulos has the sort of home that may remind you of yours. She has a small brother and parents who share in many of their children's good times and their ambitions for the future*

*There's plenty of sunshine and fair weather in Athens — and a bicycle can carry you on many a jaunt along the shores of the Mediterranean. Daphne and her bike are the very best of pals*

*At fifteen, with a long record of Girl Guiding behind her, Daphne is a troop leader. And she's very proud of "Cub" Alexis, who looks forward to his own adventures as a member of a Boy Scout troop*

*The May wreath of flowers is hung on the door of every Greek home on the eve of May Day; it stays to the eve of St. John's Day on June 23, when it goes on a bonfire ringed by youngsters*



by ETHEL VAN DEGRIFT

*In the shadow of the Parthenon  
live girls who are as modern  
as any in the United States*



# TEEN-AGER

## *Greek Style*

YOU MAY SEE THE ACROPOLIS from almost any part of Athens. The rocky promontory, which rises in the midst of the city, is crowned by the ruins of a temple so lovely that some call it the most beautiful structure ever built by man. This is the Parthenon, built by the ancient Greeks about 2,500 years ago. Every visitor to Athens makes a pilgrimage to the Acropolis. Some want to see it first by moonlight; others at dawn. I chose to make my first visit to the time-hallowed citadel in the company of a young Greek girl, fifteen-year-old Daphne Philactopoulos.

It was a happy choice. Daphne, with her soft, dark eyes, her smooth, olive-tinted skin, and thick, dark hair drawn back into a clasp, could well have posed as the daughter of one of those caryatids—statues of Greek maidens used as columns—which adorn the Erechtheum, a lovely little building near the Parthenon. Daphne's natural grace would have lent itself perfectly to the classic draped costume. But she is a very modern Greek girl—dressed like any young American teen-ager—in sweater, skirt, and bobby socks. Her yellow cardigan sweater over a soft white blouse teamed up tastefully with yellow socks and gray flannel skirt.

In fact, when you meet her, as you may some day, you will be surprised to hear she was born and educated in Greece, for she speaks English well, and with an American accent.

We clambered about the Acropolis, not talking too much, but absorbing the beauty of the majestic Parthenon, with its rows of lofty marble columns through which we could glimpse enchanting vistas of the gleaming white city stretching in every direction toward sea and mountains. Daphne visits the Acropolis rarely, having grown up with it, but she knows it well, and told me many charming little stories about it.

It was a day of uncertain sunshine, and presently the threatening clouds pelted us with rain. Daphne asked me home to lunch.

It was quite a long drive. She lives in the suburbs where the hills are pleasantly rolling and there is green countryside all around. The Philactopoulos house is right on a school campus, although secluded from the school by trees and shrubbery. Daphne is more fortunate than many girls her age in Greece where—particularly in the villages—there is often great poverty. Her father is housemaster of Athens College, a private school for boys.

The house is small and very charming, bowered in flowers, and with a flagstone terrace in the back. From the terrace you look over a peaceful green valley.

The moment you step inside the house you feel at home. There are many books on the shelves flanking the cozy fireplace, and a few exquisite plates and pictures ornament the walls. The books are nearly all in English; the pictures are mostly of Greek scenes. In a special corner is a water color of the tiny chapel at Delphi—remember the Oracle of Delphi?—where Daphne's parents were married. Later I went there and found it to be one of the loveliest places I have ever seen.

Daphne's parents both speak English well. Her mother, a very attractive woman with a warm smile and humorous blue eyes, went to Wellesley College. It was plainly from her father that Daphne had inherited her dark eyes and olive complexion; he, too, has spent some time in the United States, studying at Columbia University after he finished high school in Athens. "You have a charming home," I remarked to Daphne, as we sat down by the open fire. It was still raining, and in the cool of the April day a fire was just right.

"I like it," she said, her eyes lighting up. "I have always lived here."

"Tell me about school," I suggested.

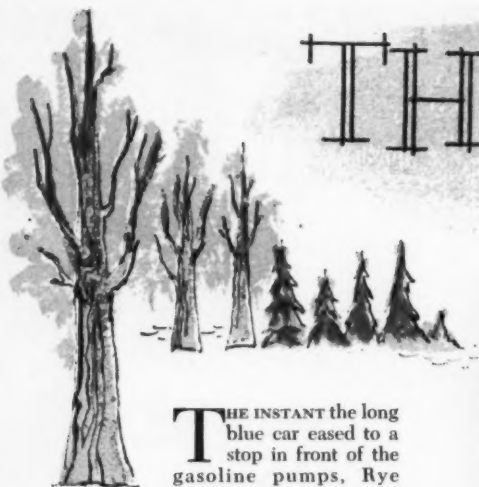
"Well, this, you see, is the Athens College for boys. There is a separate college for girls—Pierce College—on the other side of Athens. It is really high school, but we call it college. I leave my home at seven thirty in the morning and arrive at school at eight forty-five. Then we have morning assembly for a quarter hour, and start school at nine o'clock. We study ancient Greek and Greek history—this year from the time of Jesus until 1400. We also take mathematics and biology." Biology is her favorite, because her mother comes over to teach this class two afternoons a week.

"We have geography, too," Daphne said. "And music—mostly we sing. We are given gymnastics, too. Though we study all religions, we concentrate on our own—the Greek Orthodox. We have home economics—I'm knitting a yellow pullover in class. Then there is drawing, and modern Greek language, English, and French."

"Some girls take lunch with them. I eat with the boarding department. What do we have to eat? Well, on Monday we have rice with meat. Tuesday, we have (Continued on page 44)



# THE GYPPPOS



**T**HE INSTANT the long blue car eased to a stop in front of the gasoline pumps, Rye Woodley darted out of the weather-beaten grocery store.

"Shall I fill your tank?" She smiled shyly at the two men. One was forty-five at least, a jowly man, wearing a checked sports shirt. The driver of the car was young. Father and son, Rye decided. You couldn't miss the twin look of their faces, though the young one was lean as a telegraph pole.

"Isn't there a man around?" the older one asked. "I want the tires checked too."

"I can do it," Rye said. "Ethyl?"

"That's right." He eyed her sceptically. "How old are you, for heaven's sake?"

"Sixteen. I started doing this when I was ten," she added, spunk suddenly outweighing shyness. Plunging the gooseneck into the tank, Rye watched the pump ting up the gallons.

She heard the older man say, "Get out and watch while she does the tires, Larry."

As the boy stepped out of the car, a wind straight off the Pacific stood his hair on end. He sucked in a big breath. "Nice fresh air you have along this Mendocino coast. How about letting me do those tires?"

"Better not," Rye told him. "You'll get spots on your good flannel slacks."

As she polished the windshield Rye watched the man. His eyes, roving from the steep wooded hill across the highway to the level field which ran straight down to the ocean bluffs, lingered over the prickly pines silhouetted against the breakers.

Suddenly Rye felt a sharp twinge of fear. It was not a reasoned thing, this fear. It was instinctive—like jumping out of the path of a rolling boulder. "He has a *wanting* face," she told herself, "a *getting* face." And as the fear swelled, she scrubbed harder than ever at the glass.

"You do a thorough job," the man said.

"We want you to stop at Woodley's again."

"Woodley's. I'll remember that. We might be by here often. You Miss Woodley?"

"I'm Rye."

"Rye!" He chuckled. "Not wheat or corn?"

"It's for Maria," she said. "My grandmother's name."

Again the observant eyes swept the thick stand of redwood. "You live here all year?"

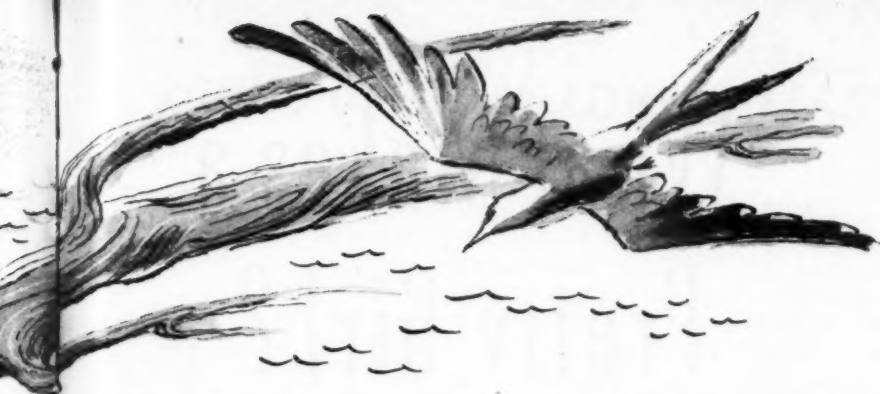
"Oh yes, we're third generation on this coast, my brother and I." For an instant, talking about the land, Rye came out of her protective shell. "Our grandparents came from Maine and felt so much at home they stayed.

"Who owns that stand of timber?"



The man had a "wanting" face and Rye could not suppress an instinctive twinge of fear as his eyes rested on the pines

by VIVIAN BRECK



"We do." Abruptly Rye wheeled toward the store.

"Your father?"

"My father's dead." She was still poised to flee.

"Who's we?"

"My mother and brother—and me."

"Nice bunch of redwoods."

The young man leaned in her direction. His broad smile held a warmth which the jowls had blotted out of his father's face. The fear unwrapped itself a little from Rye's bones.

"Thanks for the fine windshield wipe." He saluted with one finger.

The motor whirled and the car vanished around a curve. Rye went flying straight through the store into the kitchen behind. "Col," she called. "Have you finished that theme?"

Col came out of his room clutching sheets of yellow paper. His hair was rumpled, his thick dark eyebrows were still pulled into a frown of struggle.

"I've done the best I can." He sighed. "Check the spelling, will you, Rye, before I copy the darn thing? It's the last one. That is if she accepts it."

"Sure, Collie, right after dinner. Don't worry, Miss Laidlaw would never have let you graduate conditionally if she hadn't been sure you could make up English comp."

"Wouldn't matter to me if I never graduated. Except for Mom. Why does she care so terribly? What good's a paper saying I've finished high school? I'm a mechanic."

"It's the things Mom didn't get herself she'd die for us to have," Rye said tensely. "Like college for me. Silly idea when—"

"It's not the least bit silly." Col took hold of his sister's shoulders so hard she was forced to look up at him. "You belong with books." Then his scowl dissolved as he gave her a playful poke. "Go on. Beat it now. I'll take over. Mom ought to be back from town soon."

Like an animal escaping its cage Rye went rabbiting up the ladder to her room. She loved her room. Next to the redwood-covered hills, next to the field along the top of the ocean bluffs, next to the rocky headlands and the sea itself, she loved her room. It was her secret place, her very own, her private world. Through her window she could see the water—purple, ultramarine, or pewter-gray—and the twisted prickly pines, and the lichened cliffs.

She loved to mull over different names for the colors of the lichened rock. The reds were rust, or tile, or henna, Venetian red, or cinnabar. Her collection of words for yellow ran through ocher, amber, saffron, citron, and gold into the paleness of lemon, apricot, and

cream. Rye loved the sound and feel of words.

It was here in her secret place that she wrote her rhymes. She sat down now at the desk, but not to correct the spelling of Col's essay. She began to scribble passionately, scratching out words, trying new ones, murmuring in a fragile little singsong.

Mine is the land of the leaning fences  
And lemony moss on weathered wood.  
This is the world my heart can understand.

This is the world I would save for myself  
—if I could.

The fear, which had clutched her when the man's wanting eyes ran up and down the dark-red tree trunks, melted. It was always that way when she had made a rhyme. As she put the paper away, she heard the back door slam and knew Mom was home. She scampered back down the ladder.

"Hi, Mom! Get something good for dinner?"

"Fish."

"Oh, no! Not again."

Mom ruffled Rye's sunstreaked hair with an affectionate hand. "Fish is cheap in this fish country, Sweetie Pie. Every time we save fifty cents on meat, that's fifty cents toward keeping you at State next fall."

"Oh, Mom! You know there isn't enough money for me to go to college next year."

"You're going, though. Right this minute I can't say how. But you're going!"

"Not when I didn't win the scholarship," Rye murmured through tight lips.

"Miss Laidlaw said that was only because you're so young. Too young for college really. But I don't intend you to wait." Mom closed the icebox door on the fish as if she meant it to stay shut forever. "When I set my mind to prayer, the way will open."

Rye knew there was no use arguing. Mom was easygoing—except about two things. One of those things was prayer; the other was Rye's going to college.

Col didn't want to go to college. He was glad to be through with school. Col wanted to work in a garage—or own one—someday. But Rye! As long as she could remember college had been a rainbow dream. Now it was a knife twist.

For years they had saved to make the dream come true. Rye was to go to the university—not just to State Junior College a hundred miles away. Then had come Mom's operation. When the bills were paid, the savings were gone. If Col went to work in a garage, Mom would be alone all day with both the store and the pumps to watch. If he stayed home to help he couldn't earn very

much. Either way it was no good. Rye was the one who ought to stay home.

"Do you need me this afternoon, Mom? Or could I take a sandwich and go for a walk? It's high tide and the surf's wild."

Mom came across the kitchen to lift up Rye's corn-colored hair and kiss the back of her neck where the skin was still baby-white. "I don't need you, Sweetie Pie. Go on, have your walk."

It was late when Rye started home. She hated to go back. As her feet skimmed the cushiony sod above the bluffs, another rhyme sang itself in her head. This time she sang her rhyme out loud, the sound of her voice drowned by the booming surf.

The redwood groves stand tall above  
the sea,  
Mothering ferns and the tender roots of  
flowers.  
But down on the cliff is a garden just  
for me,  
Lapped in cream and sprayed with salty  
showers.

Nothing, Rye thought, nothing is quite like walking alone. Handing out candy bars and cigarettes behind a counter made the world seem a crumbly thing. But at the edge of the Pacific it was brand-new and beautiful.

Her hand was on the gate when she saw the blue car. Instantly her stomach went tight. Silly. There were dozens of blue cars on the road. It was not drawn up to the pump but parked at one side—empty, locked. Rye thrust both hands into her pockets to keep them from shaking and went into the store.

There were voices in the kitchen. The man was there and his son and Mom and Collie, all sitting around the kitchen table.

Mom said, "This is Mr. McCracken, Rye. And Lawrence McCracken."

In a flash Rye knew. There was no need to tell her that Mom had promised to let the choppers come in and hack down the trees across the road—or why. Maybe they wanted the field, too—a level space on which to put up a screaming saw and a dirty tin cone to burn the sawdust. She had seen them. All up and down the coast she had seen them. Nasty little mills that came like mushrooms in the night. Owned by men she called gyppos, the get-rich-quicker, the grab-and-run men who didn't even trouble to clean up the slash. Rye dropped her lids over her dark-violet eyes to bottle up the scalding tears, but they splashed down on the kitchen table anyhow.

"Hey, hey! What's this?" the man roared. "You're going to college. That's why your mother's going to let us come in and cut."

Mom's voice was none too steady as she explained. "Rye knows every tree on our mountain by its first, middle, and last name. That's why she feels this way."

"But think of all the people that good lumber will make happy." Mr. McCracken beamed from jowl to jowl. "Lumber means houses and fences and furniture."


Rye took hold of the edge of the table with her fingers. She opened her eyes and tried to speak, but only a cracked chirp came out. Through the blur she saw Collie's eyebrows scrunched together and the man looking pleased as a fat baby reaching for its bottle. But Lawrence McCracken was not smiling. He was staring at Rye with a very odd expression—puzzled and hurt and sort of sad.

"You—you gyppos!" Rye screamed, and fled up the ladder. (To be concluded)

# What Makes a Pretty Girl?

by GLYNNE  
MAS ITO PHOTO

*Try the formulas offered here—  
a blend of looks and personality*



**S**HOULD SHE BE SWEET AND PLIABLE, OR bright and sophisticated? Must she be a dashing redhead or a baby blond? The results of a teen-age survey taken through high schools across the country by your own magazine shows that most young people today have broken with the old ideas and formulas as to what constitutes a pretty girl.

And oddly enough, the most radical ideas on the subject come from the masculine side. It looks as if the boys go for "personality" all the way down the line. They feel that prettiness and personality are so closely knit that, as one boy put it, "you can't tell where one ends and the other begins."

Alan Rosenthal of Detroit Central High gave us a high-content capsule on the subject: "A pretty girl isn't something you can *talk* about. But she is a girl you can recognize by a certain 'radiance' that shows in her appearance."

Another boy had a similar thought; only he felt "confidence" was the number-one allure. "Let a girl possess an air of confidence—as all beautiful women do—along with charm and grace; and a fellow has no business trying to resist—he's hooked!"

One boy even went as far as to say, "A pretty girl? That's easy. She's a girl who can hold her own in any conversation!"

Here are some of the boys' replies that point up how strongly they feel about personality as the key to beauty. Significant? We think so, but see what you think.

"The girl of a boy's dreams is usually the movie-star type . . . but that's strictly dream stuff. In life, it's the gal with the sunny disposition that we like to be with. An attractive personality goes further than any coat of make-up. This being the case,

tell me, why do so many girls persist in looking like exiled clowns from Barnum and Bailey? I say a pretty girl has to please more than just the eye!"

"My idea of a pretty girl? Well, she can have blond, brown, red, black—or even bleached—hair. I don't mind. As for her eyes, I admit I like them to be expressive, but any color except pink is okay. To me a pretty girl has to be 'twinkly.' But it is on double dates that I can really tell one. If she plays up to the other guy the whole time, she doesn't strike me nearly as 'cute' as she did at first. But if she laughs at my jokes, listens attentively to my conversation, and from time to time flips me a wonderful smile, I'm convinced. . . I'm with the prettiest girl in the world."

"A pretty girl doesn't have to be glamorous; yet somehow she attracts numbers of both sexes. Perhaps it's the fact that she smiles at everyone, and makes you feel wanted. She has something inside that no beautiful clothes nor cosmetics can conceal."

There were boys who agreed that while a nice personality was important—it wasn't the whole story. Good-grooming had its place, they said. Likewise cleanliness, posture, beautiful hair, and other physical traits. This group was emphatic. They had the formula for a pretty girl. It was a looks-personality combination.

A junior at a high school in Michigan expressed it this way:

"The gal who can wrap any guy around her little finger and make him jump at her slightest whim—what is she really like? Is she kind, sincere, thoughtful, and generous? Is she neat, clean, and glowing? Is she fun? If the answer is 'yes'—then add a curve here and (Continued on page 50)



# from a Fashion Editor's Notebook

Vacations have a way with them...They're delightful, charming, and pouf—they're gone. Time now to think of other things. School, for instance...This can be fun, too. Think of the football games, parties, renewing old acquaintances...even learning a new fact, painful though it may be, has its charm...And, if you're the girl we think you are, you're thinking of new clothes...



This season, emphasis on the slimmed-down look. (We're not referring to avoirdupois...but good idea to remember when second helpings come round.) Straight-line skirts very important, with stress on long-torso details. Even fuller skirts tend to be toned down...

Foundation garments take on new importance with the slimmer look. Lots of pretty detail here but proper fit should be prime consideration. Another asset to the new line, the all-in-one slips...and take your pick of fullness...



Back to the "top." The big story here is the overblouse. Length and shape vary from straight to fitted, short to long. Look for a knitted overblouse suit and tunic in the September issue...



Wait till you see the high-fashion touches on coats. The familiar pea jacket, cued by Paris, gets the A-line treatment. Smart as can be...And the things they've done with coat pockets! They're big, they're little, they're tabbed, they're flapped. One set has unexpected opening slashed through center;



another does an all-in-one with back belt...Boy coats still prominent. Fleeces and chinchillas, the big surface news; Temp-Resisto and Milium linings, the popular undercover story...

Accessories very gay, very imaginative. Enough variety to make your head spin... and you'll love them all. Choose wisely and they'll work magic on your wardrobe...

Hats are perky and smallish with a variety of fabrics, a style for every face. Welcome newcomers...a "fur" clip-hat (Orlon and Dynel) and a stocking hat to twist to your fancy..... Bags and belts go all out for novelty. Very refreshing, the narrow fob belt. Fob opens accordion-wise to photo-scenes, closes to stamp size.....



On hand a kangaroo pouch bag, smartly determined to keep things orderly...Especially delightful, the new brief-case bags. Guaranteed to make you feel like an executive.....



A big season for costume jewelry too. Color, color, and more color...all designed to mix or match with any fashion.....

You're all set now. Happy Golden Rule Days! P. di S.

# Lingerie

(1) Her Majesty's nylon slip, net tiers over the taffeta skirt; 8-14 subteen, about \$6. (2) Harlequin leotard pajama by Laros, cotton flannel, 10-14 subteen; about \$8. (3) Torso slip by Her Majesty, polished cotton; 8-14 subteen, about \$3. (4) Bobby Britches, Leno elastic and elastic batiste; small, medium, large; about \$4. Bobby Bra, broadcloth and batiste; wired, thinly padded; 30-34AA, 30-36A, about \$2.50. By Formfit at all fine stores. (5) Flower Girl nylon tricot slip by Laros; 10-14 subteen, about \$6. (6) Sarong Jr., nylon power net crisscross girdle; small, medium, large; about \$6 at all fine stores. Other items at stores on page 64

DRAWINGS BY HILDA GLASGOW

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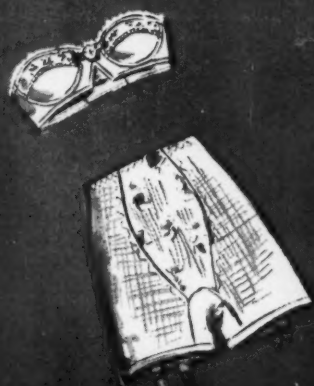
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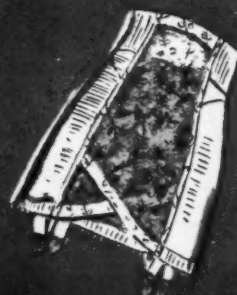
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BEE PANCOAST PHOTOS; IRA WEISMAN HATS, YOUTH MODE BAGS  
MARVELLA JEWELRY, HANSEN GLOVES

## Cotton Dresses

A trio of all-occasion dresses for subteens, 8-14: (1) Blue clan plaid frosted with white piqué dickey and under-collar. Trim, slim middle takes red or navy cummerbund. By Petiteen, about \$11. (2) The long line forms here atop a bevy of unpressed pleats. Slivers of white piqué and low broken-belt line detail bodice. Turquoise, brown, red, or blue Chromspun-and-cotton blend; by R. A. R., about \$11. (3) A pretty promise made in print by Bobby Teen. Special effects, the white piqué collar and button-trimmed cuffs. Gray or navy with multicolor print, Crown Soap 'n' Water fabric, about \$8. Stores listed on page 64



## Separates

Mixed doubles, to play up or down with accessories: (1) Teamed for teens, 8-16; by College Teen. Hip-cuffed jumper; gray, blue, brown, or pink wool flannel; about \$9. The printed black cotton shirtwaist, about \$5. (2) Pretty partners by Lortogs; 8-14 subteen. White blouse, 80% bulk Orlon and 20% Redmonized wool jersey; about \$4. Softly pleated skirt; gray, blue, or red Wedgmoor wool, Sanforlan washable; about \$8. (3) Color mates for subteens, 8-14; by Touraine. White, lime, or lilac cotton blouse, color-flashed with sunburst striping; about \$4. Skirt, arrow-pointing a 3-D trim; ruby, green, or purple Vanetta corduroy; about \$9. Stores on page 64

BEE PANCOAST PHOTOS; IRA WEISMAN HATS; HANSEN GLOVES  
MARVELLA JEWELRY, YOUTH MODE AND PYRAMID BAGS





BEE PANCOAST PHOTOS; RICHARD ENGLANDER HATS  
YOUTH MODE BAGS; MARVELLA JEWELRY; FOWNES GLOVES

## Sweaters and Skirts

The A B C of a well-schooled closet: (1) May Knitting's Orlon sweater: 10-14 subteen, about \$5. Carrot Top's blue or brown wool tweed suspender skirt; 8-14 subteen, about \$8.

(2) Orlon sweater by Grand Knitting; 10-14 subteen, about \$4. Jaymee's wool tweed skirt; torso tabbed; also in Wedgmoor wool flannel, Sanforlan washable. Each about \$6, 8-14 subteen. (3) Pandora's high bulk Orlon slip-on; 8-14 subteen, about \$6. Jaymee's torso-cuffed skirt; Wedgmoor wool flannel, Sanforlan washable; also in wool tweed.

Each about \$6, 10-16 teen. (Jaymee skirts—brown, gray, navy, or oxford; sweaters—assorted colors.) Stores on page 64

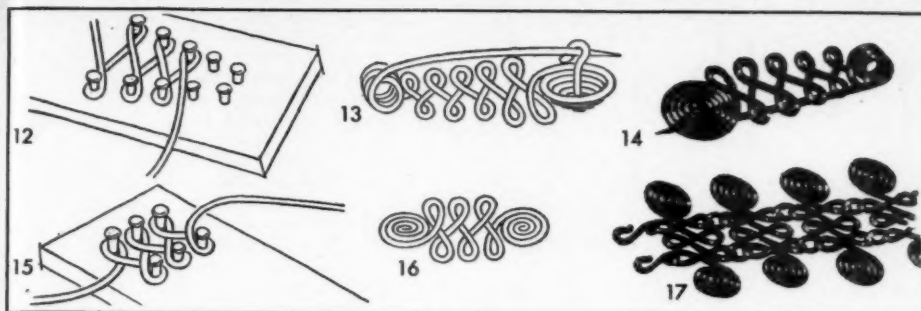
*Old-world charm, new-world admiration . . . Paris-inspired pea jacket pays tribute to the A-line . . . Hewing to the line are the widening stitch and button trim on the classic body. Turquoise, beige, red, or blue Scottie Shag (90% wool, 10% cashmere) with Milium lining and interlining; by Bambury, 8-14 subteen, about \$30. Stores listed on page 64*



BEE PANCOAST PHOTO; IRA WEISMAN HAT  
PYRAMID BAG; HANSEN GLOVES







With a little practice you can learn to create a great many charming patterns for jewelry you'll fashion with copper wire. A design can be worked out on a jig, made by driving nails into a board. Around these you wrap wire, in forms to suit your fancy

# Fashion Jewelry with Wire

*It's glamorous, it's lovely, it's easy to make, it's the jewelry of queens and movie stars—but you can own it, too!*

**G**IRLS, IF YOU HAD BEEN Helen of Troy or Cleopatra, you would have worn jewelry like this. And you know what glamour girls they were!

Yes, jewelry fashioned by hand out of fine wire has been in the world for five thousand years—and is still a big number! Its loveliness delighted the Trojans and Cretes, who worked wire into coil patterns much like those shown here. The Phoenicians wrought delicate gold wire into finery that looked like "lace and minute embroidery." The Egyptians made wire for jewelry out of gold, silver, or bronze that they cut into very narrow strips and then beat and hammered until they had elongated it into a fine, round thread. You won't have to go to that trouble today, for we moderns have factories that draw the various metals out into fine and pliable wire than can be used for jewelry making.

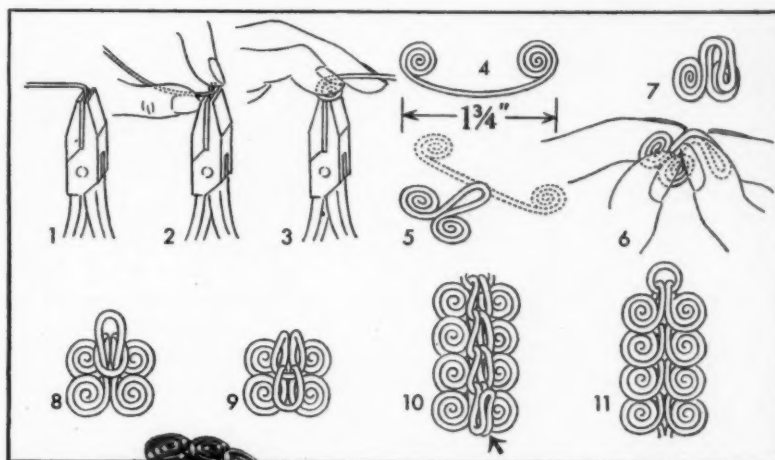
Silver wire makes beautiful jewelry. But the best wire to start with is copper, which is inexpensive—and can also be had chrome-plated to look like silver. It's quite easy to make very expensive-looking jewelry.

## Necklace, Bracelet, Earring Set

**MATERIALS:** Copper wire, or chrome-plated wire if you prefer a silver effect. This comes in kits of 10" and 12" lengths, cut ready to fashion the links. Square-nose pliers. Small hammer. Tube of cold solder to attach earring links to screw-type earring fixtures.

Most of the links are fashioned with the 10" pieces of wire. Save the 12" pieces for the end links that have a hook or clasp.

(Continued on page 54)



*This beautiful set in copper or silver-tone is inexpensive, and very easy to make for yourself*

Drawings by Henry Schroder

# Cooking with Judy

by ALICE C. SANDERSON

*For "the good old summertime" fruit and berry desserts are taste-tempting and easy to make*

"Thanks, Judy, for picking up the berries," said Miss Sanderson as Judy came in with a box of blueberries in each hand.

Teen-age Judy, who is learning the fun of cooking with the help of her home-economist friend, Miss Sanderson, set the berries on the table. "I remembered what you told me. I picked the boxes that seemed to have plump, clean, and really blue berries all the way through," she said.

"On the way over," she went on, "I was thinking of all the things I've learned since you and I began cooking together in March. I really did want to learn to cook, but I didn't dream in the beginning that it would be so interesting and such fun. I'm getting a wonderful collection of recipes, and Mother is letting me do more cooking at home."

"Well, good! That makes me sure you will like the surprise I have for you today. I was telling a home economist I know, who works in the home economics department of a big company, about our cooking sessions, and she suggested I bring you down today to see their test kitchen. Then we'll come back and start on our recipes for fruit and berry dishes."

A few minutes later Miss Sanderson and Judy were in the big, light test kitchen. Judy was amazed at the variety of delicious foods all about her. Pleased with her interest, Miss Sanderson's friend showed Judy how to assemble a **Banana-Gingerbread Shortcake**.

The layers, she explained, can be made from a regular gingerbread recipe or a package mix. Whipped cream and banana slices were put between the layers and on top. A gay cherry was perched in the center for a garnish. Just before serving, she told Judy, she would arrange more slices of banana around the base of the cake.

As they rode home after a quick tour of the test kitchen, Judy said, "Did I tell you about the gingerbread-out-of-a-box I baked on the reflector oven my brother Jim made for me? Was it good? I'll use that same mix for a banana shortcake, and make cupcakes for individual servings."

"I see you've been picking up on all we have talked about and tried each month. So have our readers, to judge from the letters they send with their favorite recipes for the issue, later in the year, which will feature readers' recipes. It won't be easy to select the recipes we use that month from the many good ones we have received."

"I'll bet we get some good recipes that use summer fruits and berries this month from our readers.\* And just think—for each recipe we use in that issue, we will pay five dollars!"

Back in Miss Sanderson's kitchen, Judy de-

cided to start with some blueberry muffins.

"Mix the berries for the muffins with a little flour before stirring them into the batter," Miss Sanderson said. "Then they won't sink to the bottom of the muffins during baking. Also, the secret of good muffins is to stop mixing while there are still lumps in the batter."

## BLUEBERRY MUFFINS

1 3/4 cups sifted flour	4 tablespoons melted butter
3/4 teaspoon salt	3/4 cup milk
1/3 cup sugar	1 cup lightly floured blueberries
3 teaspoons baking powder	
2 eggs	

Sift together dry ingredients. Beat eggs, add butter and milk. Add to dry ingredients, mixing only enough to moisten. Fold berries into batter. Fill greased muffin tins two-thirds full. Bake in hot oven (425°) 15 to 20 minutes.

"What can I do with the rest of the blueberries?" Judy asked.

"You can use them—or raspberries, blackberries, loganberries, and, of course, strawberries in season—for a variety of simple desserts as good for a party as for the family

table. You can do the same things with peaches, too.

"Fill individual dessert dishes or sherbet cups with berries. Pass a pitcher of cream to pour over them. Sour cream is good, too, if your family likes it. Remember the meringues we made in March? They make a light and pretty dessert filled with berries sweetened to taste. You might fill a big bowl, the prettiest you have, with berries or sliced fruit, and let each person top his serving with ice cream, tapioca-cream pudding, or custard.

"Fruits that are grown locally are good buys during their season. Some fruit, like bananas, seems to be in year-round supply nowadays. And of course you can substitute canned or frozen fruits in some of our recipes,

PHOTO BY MAS ITO, TAKEN AT UNITED FRUIT COMPANY



"Isn't it pretty!" Judy admires a gingerbread-banana shortcake in the test kitchen

such as the muffins, fruit whip, trifle, and shortcake. Incidentally, the fruit whip is a good, as well as economical, way to use up surplus egg whites."

## FRUIT WHIP

1 1/4 cup berries	1 cup powdered sugar
	1 egg white

Beat all ingredients together until the mixture is stiff enough to hold shape, using a wire whisk or electric beater. Pile lightly in dessert dish and chill until ready to serve. Serve plain, with soft custard, or over sponge or angel cake.

## FRUIT TRIFLE

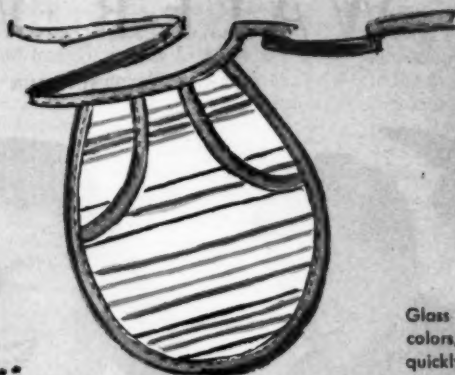
2 cups milk	1/2 teaspoon salt
3 egg yolks	1/2 teaspoon vanilla
1/4 cup sugar	4 peaches

Scald milk in top of double boiler. Beat egg yolks slightly, add sugar and salt, and mix. Add scalded milk gradually to the mixture. Return to double boiler and cook over simmering—never boiling—water. Stir constantly until mixture thickens or forms a coating on the spoon. Remove from heat and add vanilla. Cool. Keep in refrigerator until ready (Continued on page 56)

# Summer Santa

The North Pole gift  
shop is ready with many  
tips for the girls  
who want to start work  
on presents they  
can make in preparation  
for next Christmas

To get free, easy-to-follow instructions  
for all these items, send a large, stamped,  
self-addressed envelope to Betty Brooks,  
The AMERICAN GIRL Magazine, 155 East  
44th Street, New York 17, New York



This gay "clothespin apron" made out  
of a dish towel, with red binding and  
big pockets, is an easily made gift



Glass jackets, in bright designs and  
colors, add to party fun! They are  
quickly crocheted—always welcome!



Here's Bobbin—he's a peck of fun!  
Make him big to hang on baby's crib,  
or tiny for your girl friend's lapel



Like to knit? Here's a lovely shrug  
sure to delight the heart of someone  
dear to you—when Santa delivers it!



The TV viewer who gets a crocheted  
cushion next Christmas will sit on  
it comfortably through many shows!



You're smart to hook this one with  
your crochet hook, for a friend who  
always hangs her dresses with care

ITEMS COURTESY OF COATES & CLARK THREADS; AND JANUARY & WOOD, SPINNERS OF KENTUCKY YARN



# THE WATER WITCH

by ANNETTE TURNER



## PART TWO

The Water Witch was gone! Vicki had only to take a look at Jed's face when he returned from the stable to realize what a blow this was for him. Sara's young brothers trailed him, talking excitedly. They were telling him how they had ridden all over the canyon looking for the horse, but they hadn't found a trace of her.

"If there ever was a clue of any kind, it's gone now," Sara said in a very low

tone. "What are you going to do, Jed?"

He rubbed his eyes as if he still couldn't believe it. "Hunt. Mighty queer no one heard her break out of her stall."

Sara's mother had joined the group in the yard by now. "I've been calling our neighbors all morning, Jed. I called Mr. Oldham, too. And the boys have been all over the canyon. I didn't know what else to do."

Jed managed a smile. "Okay, I'll go after her. She's hiding somewhere."

"Sulking because you didn't get home last night probably," Mrs. McGovern said, nodding. "But get cleaned up, all of you, and we'll have lunch before you set out."

Sara, rallying quickly, began giving orders and calling her young friends to be on the lookout. But Vicki felt as though disaster had come down on them like a collapsed tent. She barely tasted her food. When the meal was over, Jed started for the corral.

"Who's going to lend me a couple of

THE STORY SO FAR: When Jed's jalopy broke down on the way home from the Grand Canyon, Vicki was sure the man in levis and a plaid shirt who had dashed away from the car at her approach had had something to do with it. Vicki, vacationing in Arizona with the family of her friend, Sara McGovern, found Jed, Sara's young uncle, very attractive. Jed hoped to finance his third year at the Colorado School of Mines through featuring his trained mare, the Water Witch, in "Wagons," the picture a movie company was making on location. Unfortunately "Wagons" kept bogging down. The company had also taken advantage of the free day to visit the Canyon. All the men had been dressed more or less alike—Mr. Oldham, producer; Hal Douglas, leading man; and Miles Clifton, actor. Hal and Miles had discussed the claim Jed was rumored to have staked on his excursions with a Geiger counter, as they helped Vicki take pictures while the glamorous star, Charlotte Haven, talked with Jed. Back home next day, it was discovered Vicki's camera was missing and the Water Witch was gone!

"Someone found my camera and sent it back to me!"

Your dad isn't going to lend it to us to go sky-riding."

"He's part of the company," Sara said confidently. "And this is an emergency. You want to find your horse, don't you?"

Vicky suspected that Sara secretly hoped the Witch wouldn't be found right away, so that they could borrow the helicopter. Both Jed and Sara had had flying lessons, and though Sara hadn't yet earned her pilot's license, her father often let her fly with him. He had flown the big bombers during the war, and now in his work as an engineer, he still took to the air almost daily.

"If we hadn't been stalled in the desert," Vicky said later when Jed and she were riding down the trail, "this wouldn't have happened." The canyon was very still, sunlight shaking golden dust through the cottonwoods.

"What gets me," Jed answered, "is that stable door being closed this morning. The Witch is clever; she could have got out of her stall, I suppose, and opened the door. But I can't picture her closing it after she went out."

"It could have blown shut," Vicky offered.

"It could." Jed gave a gentle cluck to Babe and both horses broke into a trot.

When they were on the mesa, riding side by side, Vicky asked, "If it didn't blow shut, does that mean you think someone stole the Witch?"

"Or borrowed her."

"Isn't that stealing?"

"There's a difference. I mean, if a horse thief took her, she might be out of the State by now, and we'll never find her." He gave Vicky a quick look, and when he saw the grim expression on her face, he added, "You know, I think the door did blow shut. The Witch got restless and decided to go for a stroll. By this time she's had her fun and she's ready to head for home and her feed bag."

Wide dun-colored stretches of sand and sagebrush lay before them, broken here and there by the stark outline of a butte or by a scraggly, stunted juniper. Jed kept veering west, as if he knew where he was going, and Vicky searched the horizon for some sign of the dazzling black horse with the white blaze on her forehead. Nothing at all moved on the mesa, except

when a gust of hot wind set a tumbleweed rolling. There was no sound except the dry clomp-clomp of the horses' hoofs, the creak of the saddles.

Suddenly Jed reined in his horse. He pointed to his right, where below them lay the canyon, like a green gash in the brown earth. "There's the frontier village we put up in such a hurry," he said. "You can't see it for the trees, but some day I'll take you out to it. Of course, everything's at a standstill now. Most of the company live in town, but a few of them have their trailers at the camp down there."

They circled a towering, yellow butte and climbed a narrow ridge. Here Jed dismounted and led his horse forward.

"Do I follow you?" Vicky called, sliding from the saddle and reaching for Punch's bridle.

Jed turned. "Sure, come on. But watch your step. There used to be a mine here once, and the remains of the shaft are still here, down in a yawning hole, if you go too far along the ridge. Below there's an old door set into the sidehill. I think that was where they began digging originally. Then when they could expand operations, they sank the shaft up ahead."

"An abandoned mine," Vicky said musingly. "How did you find it, Jed?"

"They're using it for atmosphere in 'Wagons'; but I knew about it before that. I used to come up here when I was a kid. And lately I've covered a lot of ground with my trusty Geiger counter." He laughed.

"I can't understand why you'd look up here."

"Why not? I got a quiver out of the thing. But of course, I'd want more than that before I got excited."

"I mean, would you expect the Witch to come up here?"

"She might. She's brought me up here a few times." While Vicky held both horses, Jed walked on along the narrow back of the ridge. When he returned he said, "That's an ugly hole, and for a horse running wild on the mesa it could be bad. But there's no sign that she's been anywhere around here."

They rode home through the canyon. Jed skirted the movie colony, taking a trail which led back of the make-believe village. There was no sign of activity, but Vicky could hear distant voices and laughter. Then up ahead she smelled smoke, saw it curling up among the trees, and heard the strumming of a guitar.

"They're here," Jed said disgustedly. "Having a barbecue. Now Bert Oldham will be on my neck."

The group was picnicking on the rocks beside the stream. Vicky recognized Charlotte and Miles, but there was no sign of Mr. Oldham. Charlotte waved. Miles called to Jed and scrambled up the bank to talk to them. "Bert's over at your place now," he said. "What's this about the Witch running off?"

"Haven't seen (Continued on page 52)

horses? Any mileage left in Punch and Babe?"

Bobby nodded eagerly. "What do you need two for, Jed?"

"I'm going up on the mesa," Jed answered. "Want to go with me, Vicky?"

"If you don't find the Witch," Sara said, "I'm going to telephone Pop. He'll bring home a helicopter and we can search by air."

Jed shook his head. "Let's not get involved. That 'copter is company property.



Here is your own department in the magazine. Send us  
your best original short stories, poems,  
nonfiction, photographs, and drawings. See page 66 for details

# **MIDSUMMER** First Poetry Award

*You came deceiving  
Camouflaged by flawless skies  
Catching us unaware  
Blinding us to reality  
Tempting us into your hands  
Where love first flourished,  
Swimming with us at the beach  
Dancing with us at the hangout  
Enshrouding us in a heavenly mist  
Lifting our hearts with the music  
Into the fantasy that you so  
Cunningly devised.  
Oh, show your face  
That I may refind  
The precious dream world that  
You nourished before you faded, then  
Shattered into confusion  
And heartbreak.*

CATHY FEDERER (age 17) Los Angeles, Calif.

# **HANDICAPPED?** First Nonfiction Award

I don't remember when I first learned my grandmother couldn't see the blue sky or green grass or the pretty flowers, and I don't know when I realized she'd never see them and never had. I only know I've grown up knowing it, yet sometimes altogether forgetting what some



**FIRST PHOTOGRAPHY  
AWARD:**  
Lucia Todd (age 14)  
South Lincoln, Massachusetts

# **FIRST ART AWARD:** Karen Jackson (age 13) Oxnard, California



# **TRY AGAIN** Fiction Award

Our club was called the Dungarettes and we met casually one afternoon each week, always having loads of fun. Our present project was one of great pleasure to all of us. It was journalism. I guess our heads sort of got turned when our teacher told several of us that we had writing ability. That was all we needed. We began by planning to interview the owners of some interesting looking houses; then we would see if the local paper would publish our story. We had beautiful dreams of getting rich, quick.

I suppose that was why, one sunny Saturday afternoon, we found ourselves standing on the steps of the old house by the river. We were cold, although it was a warm day. We were nervous. Let's face it—we were scared stiff! How would our first interview turn out? So much could happen. This house looked like a good prospect, how awful to be turned away by the owner. We climbed to the wide porch and rang the rusty old bell. A kindly looking lady of middle age answered. Amidst much giggling we told her our mission.

"I don't own the house, and don't know much about it, except that it's very old," she said. At this we perked up in interest. "Perhaps," she continued, "you would like to speak to the owner, Mrs. Bascomb."

We said we'd love to, and were ushered through a long paneled hall to a broad arch through which glimpses of fine old furniture could be caught. This was the living room stretching the length of the whole house. On a huge couch in the center of the room nestled a tiny old lady. Despite her wrinkled face she was truly beautiful. Soft white hair fell like silk to her shoulders. Her patrician nose lifted haughtily, yet her mouth and deep-blue eyes were smiling gently. She bade us sit down and we told her our story. When we finished a strange light came to her eyes and she exclaimed: "There's nothing I'd rather do than

people term her "handicap." Yet, has being blind been a handicap to my beloved Vivi? (A name my older brother gave her when he was very small, and the name she's been known by ever since.) I don't really think so, for she's raised six children, doing for them the things all mothers do for their children.

She's very very talented on the organ and piano, learning new songs by ear. She hears them on the radio (which is playing constantly during the day) writes the titles in Braille, then learns them by playing them over and over. Sometimes she has Grandpa—who plays, as well as makes violins—or one of her two youngest sons (who have dance bands of their own, even though still in high school) play them for her, so that she can pick them up in that manner.

Vivi does all her own housework, from making the beds to running the washing machine and drier.

She loves movies, preferring drive-ins, where Grandpa can explain the action without disturbing others. A television set, which she once flatly stated she would never have, sits in one corner of the living room, enjoyed by every member of the family, including (and perhaps mostly) Vivi.

She can dial the phone by herself, using it often to invite Moms over for a cup of coffee, which, by the way, Vivi makes herself.

How can anyone possibly say my grandmother is handicapped? She's hardly that. Why, even now she is thinking of buying a doll, simply for the purpose of making an elaborate wardrobe for it. I know she can do it. After all, didn't she help me with a denim jacket not so long ago?

Oh, no. No one who really knows her can honestly say they feel sorry for her. Most people, as I mentioned before, forget the fact that she is blind, and that is what she wants them to do. And if, when I'm grown and married, I can raise my children half as well as Vivi, I'll feel I have accomplished a great deal.

JAN CRAWFORD (age 15) Corvallis, Oregon



talk about this house. It has such an interesting history."

For the next hour or so we were kept entranced by the fascinating tales the old lady had to tell. The house was very old; it had been built in the 1700's. From the tall cupola enemy ships had been spotted, and secret passages and panels were scattered frequently throughout the house. When she had finished her story she called, "Joan! Joan!" and the lady who had admitted us came to the door.

"Take these girls on a tour of the house," the old lady commanded. So another hour was spent gazing at the fascination that the old house held.

After saying our good-bys and thank you's we started for home. What a story we had! We were sure the paper would be glad to print it.

The next day we rushed to the newspaper office, asked for the editor, and thrust our article into his hands. He read it over, then looked up and said, "This is a very good story, girls, good subject and good writing. But I'm afraid we can't use it. You see, our policy is to always print the truth. And since everybody knows that old Mrs. Bascomb is toughed in the head, I'm afraid this information isn't too truthful. You did a good job, though. Try again, why don't you?"

With those words, our dreams of journalism burst.

DEBORAH LEWIS (age 13) Rutherford, New Jersey

## TWO SYMBOLS Nonfiction Award

There she sits on your pillow, your dear old doll. In her faded pink dress, old sunbonnet, and with but one shoe. Note them well. They are all important symbols to your young mind.

Think, Sandy, think of all the things she meant to you.

Penelope. Yes, what a name. But to you she was never Penelope. She was just plain Penny.

Remember when you first saw her? Wasn't it Christmas morning? Don't you still have a piece of the paper she was wrapped in? You used to say it matched her eyes. Blue, like the summer sky.

Do you remember how she lost her shoe in the brook?

Remember how she got her name? Because of her bright, swinging copper-colored curls you called her Penny. (Continued on page 61)

## PHOTOGRAPHY AWARD:

Judy Brigham (age 12)  
Beverly, Massachusetts



THE AMERICAN GIRL

# YOUR PAINTING OF THE MONTH



BOY BLOWING BUBBLES

by Chardin

● Chardin painted this subject, evidently his favorite, three times. The version you see here hangs in the Metropolitan Museum. The artist painted this teen-age boy with gentle affection. He saw not only the boy's concentration on his task, but the rip in his sleeve and the falling lock of hair that makes a shadow on his face. The watching child is as interested as we are in whether the bubble will burst. Fortunately, for us it never will. You can own a full-color reproduction of this masterpiece.

● Jean-Baptiste Siméon Chardin (1699-1779) was the son of a French cabinetmaker. Born in Paris, he began to study while quite young. The master Coypel permitted young Jean to paint in a gun on a canvas of a man on the hunt, and taught the boy to make objects come alive by giving them thickness, length, and breadth as well as color. "Paint exactly what you see," Chardin was advised. At 29 he was elected to the French Royal Academy, and when he grew older King Louis XV gave him a pension. Chardin's joy in his work is visible in all his paintings. He had a natural love for people and objects, and portraits and still lifes became his specialty. His gentle humor and his calmness have made him a painter to be treasured.

## HOW TO OBTAIN YOUR PAINTING-OF-THE-MONTH

To get your own 11" x 14" full-color reproduction of this painting, send 25¢ in coin or stamps to Paintings, AMERICAN GIRL Magazine, 155 East 44th Street, New York 17, N. Y. Be sure to identify each painting you order by its title and name of the artist. Write your name and address clearly. IF YOU ARE A GIRL SCOUT, you may order through your troop. Ask your leader about the special advantages of a troop order.

Watch for THE PAINTING-OF-THE-MONTH in September!

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**4514:** This straight-line skirt with the new side stitching can be made in any of the sizes given from one yard of any 54" fabric. Southdown rayon flannel would be a good choice, for now and later. Waist sizes 24, 25, 26, 28, 30, 32 inches

**4532:** For indoor or outdoor fun and chores, here is a bright team: pedal pushers in Crompton plaid corduroy with a coordinated blouse. Sizes 10-18. In size 16, the pedal pushers require  $2\frac{1}{8}$  yards 35" material; blouse takes  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards

**4631:** Daytime, datetime, anytime, you will know you are looking your best in this flattering dress for sizes 10-16. In the sketch, crisp white collar and cuffs accent a dress of Dan River check cotton. Size 12 calls for  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards 35" fabric

**Each pattern 30¢**

*These patterns may be purchased from The American Girl, Pattern Dept., 155 East 44th Street, New York City 17. When ordering, be sure to enclose the correct amount for each pattern (sorry, no C.O.D.'s) and state size. We pay the postage. There is a clipout order blank on page 66*

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## The Girl Who Had Everything

(Continued from page 15)

Then, having scarcely begun, her moment was over. "Where's Holly?" Tom asked. "We were just on the way to look you two up."

Grateful for the "you two," Diane glanced over her shoulder. "Holly's right around the bend, with our mothers."

Scott took her elbow and turned her around. "Come on, then. What are we waiting for?"

There was a brief satisfaction in walking the short distance between the two attractive boys, and in being the one who introduced Scott Cunningham. But then Holly began to take over, while Diane felt as though she were evaporating in front of everybody's eyes.

Scott was courteous and easy. He dropped to his knees in the sand and divided his attention between the girls and their mothers.

After about ten minutes the boys got to their feet. "I have to run over to Stage Harbour for a sec," Scott said casually. Then to the girls, "Want to come along?"

"May we?" Holly asked unnecessarily.

Mrs. Harper nodded. "If you'll pick up my grocery order on the way back."

Henrietta agreed with a sigh. "Mother's car is in the shop," she explained as they started off across the sand. There was an unspoken implication that the Harpers were a two-car family, instead of a one-and-only.

Minutes later, however, a sense of well-being returned to her. There was something definitely exciting about climbing into the sports convertible to which Scott Cunningham led them, even if Holly managed to appropriate the seat next to the driver. Settling back against the warm red leather, she smiled happily and said, "Golly, this is quite a car!"

Holly's profile told her that the remark was childish, but Scott turned to give her a quick grin. "Dad and I like it, but Mother thinks it's too flashy."

The ride from Chatham to Stage Harbour was much too short, and Diane, her hair blowing out straight behind her, pretended she was as sophisticated as she felt they all looked. With one ear she listened to the conversation, which included a description by Scott of marlin fishing in Florida. He parked facing the dock. "I'll just be a minute," he promised as he pulled on the brake and swung his long legs out the door.

After he disappeared inside a boathouse, the others talked in a desultory fashion. It was as though the sun had gone under a cloud. Then Holly, with no by-your-leave at all, said, "I think I'll walk down to the dock," and Diane was left alone with Tom.

She wished she were more like her cousin as she sat there, waiting. She yearned to say something bright and provocative. But she was silent, watching the bobbing sailboats—mostly Cape Cod knockabouts and Whistlers—and found Holly's little Woodpussy among them. Too bad it accommodated only two.

In the mooring quite far offshore was a craft new to the picture, a sloop-rigged white Weanno Senior which looked as though she would sail like a bird. "Let's walk down to the dock, too," Diane suggested. "I want a better look at that beautiful boat."

They had no sooner joined Holly, than Scott strolled up. "D'you have a sailboat here?" he asked.

Henrietta was so obviously in the middle of a daydream that Diane could almost see it crumble, but she recovered herself to smile and nod.

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Holly's eyes flew from the Woodpussy to the Weanno, with the name *Skylark* on the bow. Her forefinger, starting to point toward the Woodpussy, kept on until it reached the *Skylark*. Diane stifled a gasp.

"Which?" Scott was prodding.

"The—the *Skylark*."

What is she thinking of? Tom knows better, Diane thought, glancing at him out of the corner of her eye. He was staring at Holly with his mouth open.

Scott turned, squinting against the sun. "Some boat!" he said heartily.

"She is pretty nice," Holly admitted with apparent modesty. Diane was completely aghast. Of course there was only one thing for Holly to do now—laugh and admit it was just wishful thinking, but either Holly was too flustered to backtrack, or she thought she could actually get away with the fib.

"Say, I'd like to look her over," Scott said enthusiastically. "Let's go on board." For the first time, Diane noticed a dory with the same name tied up at the dock.

Henrietta jumped. "Oh, now. I have to get back. Mother will be waiting for her groceries."

"But it's early," Scott insisted.

"Some other time," Holly demurred.

"Now!" Scott grabbed Henrietta's hand and helped her into the rowboat. "It won't take ten minutes. Come on, kids!"

Wretchedly, Diane allowed Tom to hand her into the dory. Suppose there were people on board. How would they explain? She sat with clenched hands as Scott unhitched the rope and pushed off. Facing her from the bow, Holly kept her chin in the air but refused to meet Diane's eyes. Diane felt almost sorry for her.

As the *Skylark* grew larger, the cavity in Diane's stomach began to yawn more uncomfortably. Suppose they were arrested for breaking and entering? Suppose?

She scarcely heard Scott, with complete good humor, saying to Holly, "*Skylark*. That's a pretty name."

Henrietta nodded. Rather miserably, Diane thought.

"Did you name her yourself?"

"Daddy named it—her, I mean. When he and Mother go off on a big evening he always calls it 'going skylarking.'"

That much is true, Diane told herself.

"Quaint," Scott chuckled. "Here we are." Diane climbed aboard with the furtive air of a trespasser, scarcely daring to look around. The boat was larger than it had looked from a distance, and everything was very shipshape—the ropes coiled just so, the sail covered neatly.

Scott was wandering around, adjusting a coil of rope, examining the auxiliary engine. "Jeepers," he sighed, "I wish we had time to take her out."

"That's impossible," cried Holly sharply. "I must go home at once. Come on."

"Okay," Scott agreed amiably. Suddenly he seemed tired of the excursion. On the trip back to the dock, although Holly burst into nervous chatter, he rowed silently. When they had docked and were safely out of the strange dory, Diane heaved a sigh of relief. Her cousin's luck was holding.

Somehow, riding toward town, she found herself in the front seat beside Scott. It didn't seem premeditated. It just happened. So it was Tom who went into the grocery store with Holly to collect the order. As soon as they were alone Scott turned to Diane.

"Say," he said. "I'm new around here—and

I gather you are too. Could I be lucky enough to get a date for the yacht-club dance Saturday night?"

The question was so unexpected that Diane fumbled uncertainly, "With—with my cousin, you mean?"

"Cosh, no!" Scott said. "With you."

"Why—why—"

He was grinning down at her. "Do I have to list three convincing reasons? Couldn't you just say yes?"

"Yes," Diane laughed, and added primly, "I'd like it very much."

Then the other two were returning, Holly moving, as she always did, with the grace of complete assurance. She's recovered, Diane thought, as Holly, gay and laughing, turned all her charm on Scott. She brought up the Saturday night yacht-club dance, hinting at her availability, and waiting expectantly for Scott's response. Diane thought unhappily, oh, dear, he's probably regretting his impulsiveness. He'll know now what a mistake he made.

But there was no regret in Scott's voice as he answered, "I am certainly looking forward to that dance! Diane has just agreed to go with me."

Uncomfortably trying not to notice Holly's chagrin, Diane kept her eyes fixed straight forward. To break the awkward silence, Tom began to talk about fishing.

When they reached the Harpers', Tom picked up the box of groceries. Diane saw Scott tuck a yacht-club program between the coffee and the cereal. She said nothing, but when the boys had left, she went out to the kitchen and unearthed it, then let her eyes travel down the list of entries for the week-end races. There in unmistakable black type was the item for which she had been searching instinctively: "*Skylark*, owned and operated by Scott Cunningham and Scott Cunningham, Jr."

"Well, score one for the country cousin," Holly said, following her into the kitchen. "How did you manage it?"

Diane looked up and shook her head. "I don't know," she said. "He just asked me—while you were in the store with Tom."

Holly seemed honestly bewildered by Scott's stupidity in preferring the simple Diane to her own more arresting personality. Then she noticed the program in Diane's hand. "What's that?" she asked.

Silently Diane handed it to her and watched the hot flush redden her cousin's lovely face.

"What beastly luck!" Holly said at last. "It would have to be his boat! Now I've made a fool of myself in front of both boys." She dropped the program and turned to walk out of the kitchen. "Well, Mother will be relieved that I have the money for those new slips she thinks I ought to buy. I won't need the piqué dress. Tom didn't ask me either!"

She looked so like a puzzled spoiled child who does not understand why she suddenly has been slapped that Diane felt honestly sorry for her. "Maybe he'll call tonight," she offered in comfort.

Holly shook her head. "I guess good old Tom is fed up at last with my silly airs and graces," she said slowly, and went out the door.

Diane stood looking thoughtfully after her. Slowly she was coming to the realization that she wouldn't change places with Holly for all her beauty and glamour. It wasn't too bad to be plain Diane Graham with freckles on her nose. She would press her blue dress and wear it without regret. The yacht-club dance, with Scott as escort, should be fun.

THE END





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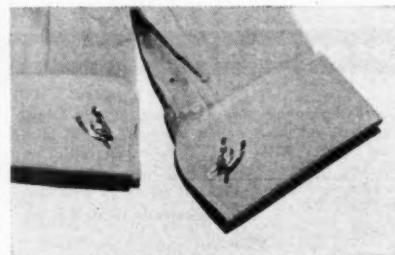
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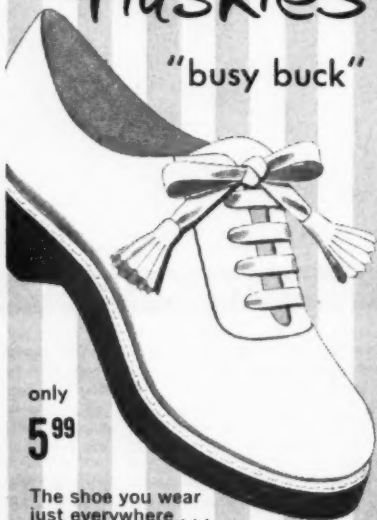
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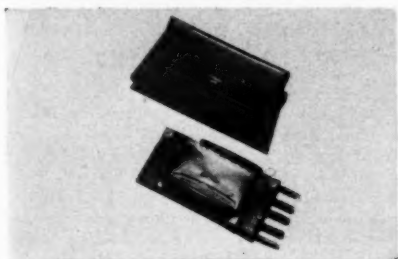
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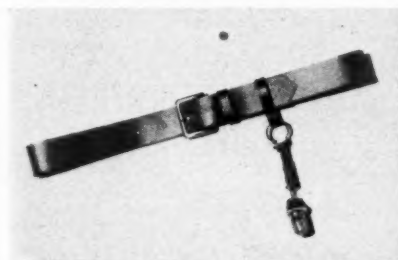
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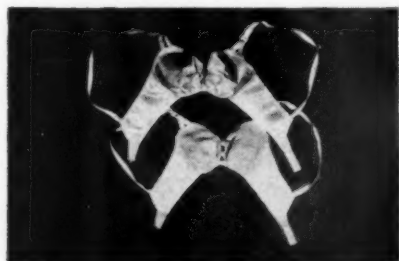
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## Teen-Ager Greek Style (Continued from page 19)



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a vegetable dish. Wednesday, potatoes or something like that. Thursday or Friday we have beans or peas or some other kind of lentils. We have salad or fruit each time, sometimes cheese, and sometimes a dessert.

"In the afternoon, there are more classes. I leave the school at four thirty usually, but on Tuesday, I leave early. I get home about six."

"Isn't that a long day for a schoolgirl?"

"Oh, I still have to study at home," Daphne said. "I am supposed to study all afternoon."

"Afternoon?" I interrupted. "Isn't the afternoon over by six?"

"Our afternoon starts at six o'clock," she explained. And then I remembered the long siesta period in Athens, when the shops and other places of business close from noon until four or five in the afternoon and open again until seven or eight. Dinner is very late.

"But I study only one hour," Daphne confessed. "Sometimes more when we have maps or compositions. Dinner is at eight o'clock, and I go to bed at nine thirty. But many of my schoolmates go to bed very late—ten thirty or eleven o'clock."

"What about Saturdays?"

"Saturday morning I have my tennis lesson. I have only a one-hour lesson, but spend my morning at the court. I don't play very well," she added, ruefully.

"Sometimes I go to the movies or to a party on Saturday. Yes, we have boys at our parties, and sometimes several boys and girls go out together. Sunday I go to the concerts—there are concerts downtown every Sunday morning. Sunday afternoon I have Girl Guides." Daphne is a troop leader now. "We spend two hours together, younger Guides and I—singing and playing. We learn things, too, like knots and first aid. We have to do this on Sundays because our other days are so jammed full."

Daphne is already thinking of the future. "I want to study in America," she told me, "but I don't know what. I like science and mathematics. Sometimes I want to be a doctor, but then I don't know, really. It takes so long. I will be so old when I finish."

"I will be ready to go to college when I am eighteen. Here we have six years in elementary school and six years in high school, but in my school there are seven years in high school because we learn English. We pay tuition there; it is a private school. There are many public schools in Athens, but they are not very good."

At this point a small whirlwind went by. It was six-year-old Alexis, her little brother. Daphne winced.

"That Alexis!"

"Is he a tease?"

"He is terrible," she complained, in the resigned manner of all big sisters. "When we have guests, I am always afraid of what he will do, because then he is much worse! He is always a nuisance."

"And you don't know what you'd do without him!"

"I haven't tried it," she grinned, and it was easy to see she wouldn't want to try it. As soon as the rain stopped, Alexis was out in the yard playing—of all things—Indian and cowboy, from the shelter of an improvised tent under a tree. He was going bang-bang! just like your little brother. So far he speaks only Greek, but he plays American games!

It was time for lunch. Mrs. Philactopolous explained that since it was Holy Week in their church—the Greek Orthodox; which is

the church of nearly all Greek people—they were fasting, and certain foods were forbidden, including oils. They had prepared my portion of the food with these forbidden ingredients, and theirs without.

After lunch Daphne showed me her room and her clothes, which were all surprisingly like those of an American teen-ager. She shares the room with her little brother, an arrangement which she takes with good grace, even though she longs for a room all her own.

Each child has a narrow bed, and each has half of the built-in closet. On the two doors of the closet are thumb-tacked pictures and clippings—on one side those of Alexis, on the other side Daphne's.

Daphne has hung pictures of Leslie Caron and Mel Ferrer—her favorite actress and actor. The title "Lili" is cut out letter by letter. "She was cute in 'Lili,'" said Daphne. Other adornments were valentines, hearts and cupids, a flower postcard.

"I have one or two Greek things in my room," pointed out Daphne. There was a water color with the legend in Greek, roughly translated thus: "I would like to be a shepherd in May; in August one who collects grapes; in midwinter I would like to drink wine—but most of all I would like to be a Greek soldier who fought in the revolution against the Turks!"

Little whatnot shelves held a model of an ancient Greek ship, radio, and books, including one by Louis Bromfield.

In Daphne's wardrobe were sweaters and skirts, a simple wool dress, two party dresses (one pale-blue silk and the other a plaid taffeta). She makes her own clothes or has a seamstress make them. Some of her clothes were sent from friends in America, especially just after the war when it was difficult to get anything in Greece. Very proudly she showed me a skirt she had made; she bought the material one day during vacation and made it all by herself. In some of the pictures on page 18 you will see her wearing it. Another skirt was of a lovely handwoven, bordered material characteristic of Greece.

She showed me her Girl Guide uniform with all its insignia. She has been a Guide for six years, having started as a Brownie. The motto of her Ranger (Senior) troop was in Greek letters. I was deeply interested in her story of the village service project that the Ranger troops take part in each summer, to help the people in the rural mountain villages. Her one trip outside the land of Greece was to London to the Girl Guides International meeting in 1952. Her group took a boat to Marseille, France, then the train across France, to the English Channel.

Daphne was disappointed because the Girl Guides would not be supervising the ropes, to restrain the crowds, at the church on Good Friday; soldiers were to take over the responsibility. Good Friday is a very important day in Greece, and Easter is celebrated far more than it is in America. It is like Christmas, the Fourth of July, and Easter—all in one.

The Philactopolous family invited me to come back and share their Easter breakfast, which would be served after midnight on Easter morning. Four other American friends were invited, and we assembled at the Philactopolous home about ten thirty in the evening on Saturday before Easter. After chatting awhile, we went out to the neighborhood church, carrying with us slender white candles which we lighted to carry in

the procession from church to the open-air shrine where a local saint was buried in a sepulcher. It was very impressive to see the myriad candles borne in moving procession down the hillside. The open-air service was held in darkness, and while the priest intoned the prayers in Greek, only the flickering flames of hundreds of candles shone in the night under the cloudy sky. Promptly at midnight, skyrockets shot into the night sky, blossoming into spectacular showers of colored light. Thus was the somber mourning of the Greek Good Friday transformed into Easter joy.

We went back home, and the little dark-haired maid, who also had gone to the church, served the traditional midnight breakfast. There was *tsourek* (Easter bread) which everyone makes and gives away to everyone else. Mrs. Philactopoulos says her mother's Easter bread is much better than her own, and she is glad to trade. Then there is a special kind of delicious soup called *magiritsa*. There was green salad, made of lettuce with oil and onions; there were cheeses of various kinds, and a special wine made in the country. But most interesting was the bowl of red-dyed eggs in the center of the table. Greek people do not dye their Easter eggs all colors as we do—all are colored red. According to custom, we made a game of cracking the end of our egg with that of our neighbor. Whoever succeeds in cracking the other's egg is victor. Alexis cracked mine first try, and he was triumphant. It was a jolly meal.

It was two A.M. before we said good night. Next morning, very early, I rose to go to Delphi... warm with memories of a wonderful Greek family and sure that when Daphne comes to America she will quickly find many American friends who will be happy to know her.

THE END

## Go-between

(Continued from page 17)

Back, Little Sheba! He hardly talked at all."

Margie hesitated to compare grim, disillusioned "Doc" of Little Sheba fame with Bill, who, she suddenly realized, was remarkably well-balanced and cheerful.

Before Sue Ellen's flicker of interest could die out, Bill himself saved the situation.

"Here comes Bill now," Margie cried, seeing him approach on his way home from R.O.T.C. drill. She squinted her eyes. "At least, I think it's Bill."

In the few days since she had seen him at close quarters his crew cut had grown in and left him with a crest of tawny hair that shone in the sunlight. In addition, the R.O.T.C. powers had at last recognized the discrepancy between Bill's last-year's uniform and his current stature. The young man below was fitted out within an inch of his life. Furthermore, he wore upon his left sleeve the braided citation cord and loops. General MacArthur himself could hardly have looked more impressive.

"Ooh! I see what you mean!" Sue Ellen jostled herself into first place and stuck her head out the window. "Hi, Cuhnel Bainbridge, suh!" she called down.

Bill saluted smartly, then gave a self-conscious little wave. He walked very straight and tall down the street.

"Honey," Sue Ellen said persuasively, turning back into the room, "would you mind if I lie down for a while? I think I'm getting a headache."

THE AMERICAN GIRL



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"I have to go home anyway," Margie said.  
"See you in school, Sue Ellen."

As she let herself out the back door she  
wondered how long it would take Sue Ellen  
to get an invitation out of Bill. It was funny  
to have him come by looking the way he  
did, after the building up she had given him.  
Of course, he had always looked that way,  
really; strong and self-reliant, with a twinkle  
in his eye that Sue Ellen would never appre-  
ciate.

Look who's talking about appreciation,  
thought Margie. It took a good uniform and  
a fancy decoration to make me open my eyes,  
too.

She was very thoughtful during  
dinner, and later while she put on the party  
dress that Sue Ellen had deprecated. The  
Native Sons of the Golden West were having  
a dance, and Margie was going with her  
mother and father to help serve the refresh-  
ments.

"And you can dance with me if I have any  
free ones," her father had promised.

She was sitting on the back steps in the  
twilight when Bill appeared around the cor-  
ner of the house. He had on a beat-up pair  
of jeans and an enormous sweat shirt.

"What's new?" he asked, dropping down  
beside her.

"You mean at Sue Ellen's?"

"Not especially. What's that you've got  
on?" He fingered a fold of the silky skirt.

"It's a dress."

"It is? I don't think I've ever seen you  
wear one before, have I?"

Margie stuck out her chin. "I have been  
known to wear them to school," she informed  
him. "Haven't you ever seen me there?"

"What're you getting sore about? I'm only  
trying to tell you how cool you look."

"Wait until you see Sue Ellen in her pink  
formal. Wearing curls," Margie added.

"Yeah, I bet. Where are you stepping to-  
night?" he asked.

She resisted the temptation to say she was  
going supper dancing at the Tip-Top Club  
with a handsome cousin from Milwaukee.  
"I'm going to help with the refreshments at  
Dad's lodge dance," she said.

"That's nice." He grew silent and Margie  
turned her head to see if he was once more  
gazing at the rosebush. He wasn't. He was  
gazing at her.

"Wh-what's the matter?" she asked, start-  
led. "Is my hair wrong or something?"

"Unh-unh. I like it that way—short and  
sassy."

"I thought you liked blond curls," Margie  
said, more unnerved than she sounded.

"Too old-fashioned. I like my girls mod-  
ern."

Margie squared around to face him. "Wil-  
liam Garfield Bainbridge," she said. "Sue  
Ellen is absolutely ready to fall into your  
lap like a ripe plum. I put in that little word  
for you—remember? She'd go to the Cadet  
Hop with you in a minute if you—"

"Yeah," he said dryly. "I know. She called  
me up a little while ago. I got the idea all  
right."

"But I thought—"

"Changed my mind. I discovered I prefer  
to pick my own plums."

Margie switched away. "Oh," she said.  
"Well, don't expect me to play John Alden  
for you this time."

"Okay, I'll do it myself." Bill rose and  
bowed formally before her. "How about the  
Cadet Hop next Saturday night—Priscilla?"

THE END

AUGUST, 1955



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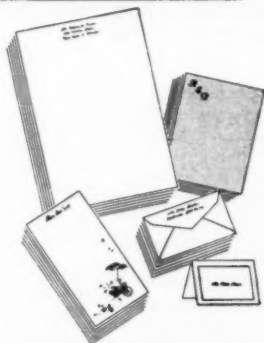
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THE AMERICAN GIRL



**PHOENIX, ARIZONA:** I have just finished reading the last chapter of *Hits and Horses*, and I want to congratulate you on a wonderful story. We have organized a softball team—the Lafayette All-Stars—at our school to play against other schools this summer.

I would love to see some articles on swimming, medical technicians, and interior decorating.

I think Our Cabana will be wonderful, as now we will have two meeting places for Girl Scouts and Girl Guides from all over the world to exchange their ideas and work together. Also more girls will get to attend. I am a Girl Scout and a member of Troop 331, Phoenix, Arizona. **GAYLE GERRARD (age 12)**

**DUFFTOWN, SCOTLAND:** I especially like the serial *Hits and Horses*. One *Fainting Robin* was marvelous, and I want to thank Dorothy Witton for her great story. It just shows how one can do a thing if one puts one's mind to it.

I like *A Penny for Your Thoughts* and *All Over the Map*. This last feature has helped me greatly in getting my Girl Guide badges, and some of my friends find it useful, too.

I belong to the first Dufftown Girl Guide Troop and this year we are going to Fraserburgh for our camp. It has a lovely beach and we are near the sea, so we should have a good camp.

I attend Mortlach Secondary School and my subjects are English, French, German, geography, history, art, music, geometry, algebra, trigonometry, arithmetic, and physical training. I like sports and I play goalkeeper on our first hockey team. Not long ago I was chosen as Banffshire's goalkeeper, which is something—the same as your State teams.

I really do enjoy reading your magazine, and I want to thank my pen pal Sherry McCormick for sending it to me these past three years. I have gained many good friends in America through your magazine, and I am sure many other girls in countries other than the U.S.A. will agree with me.

When I have read my *AMERICAN GIRL* from cover to cover I pass it on to my friends at school, and you should see how it comes back. But it just goes to show how everyone likes your magazine! **RENA REID (age 16)**

**SILVER SPRING, MARYLAND:** Of all your serials so far, *Hits and Horses* ranked among the tops. I also enjoy most anything written by Rosamond Du Jardin. Why not print more of her stories along with Amelia Walden's? I think Bill Timmins' illustrations are especially realistic.

I have an idea for a new column or maybe just a special article. Why not have an exchange of tried-and-true party games and themes or ideas for really different parties?

I thought maybe other girls in different parts of the country might be hiding away some fabulous inspirations. Could you possibly print such an article? These could be seasonal shindigs for all different times of the year.

**JUDY WILLIAMS**

**TOKYO, JAPAN:** I am a student of the university and have enjoyed our *AMERICAN GIRL* more than any other. I have a very kind pen pal, Patsy Shadle, who lives in Chambersburg, and she sends me *The AMERICAN GIRL* every month. I am very thankful that I am able to understand the daily life, thoughts, and good activity of American girls through this magazine. The fans of this magazine is not only I, but also my dormitory mates and classmates.

I am learning in the social welfare department of our university and have some interest in child-welfare work. Now I am working in the institution for the physically handicapped children. Accidentally I found the news about the Sister Kenny Polio Hospital in *All Over the Map* of the May issue. I took and read it to the handicapped children. They were very glad and interested, as if they had found new friends. There is Girl Scout in Japan and it is sorry that the activities are not so popular than your country. But I think *The AMERICAN GIRL* has given many good influences. Thank you for a lovely magazine. I send you my best wishes across the Pacific Ocean. Congratulations for a fine, super magazine! **YOKO KOJIMA**

**SULLIVAN, MISSOURI:** Congratulations on the story *Incident on a Train*. It seemed so true of what usually happens at a time like that. I also think the piece of art work by Joyce Willse in *By You* was really good. The little girl looks so real. I agree with the few girls who say *A Penny for Your Thoughts* would be more interesting if more were written about the writers themselves.

I live on a farm about nine miles from Sullivan. I have a dog and four cats plus four new kittens. Also sixteen goldfish and several chickens. Sullivan has a population of about four thousand. It is just the right size and has nearly everything that the people around here need. I go to high school in Sullivan and will be a senior next year.

My main hobbies are reading and playing the piano. I also like to sew and make most of my clothes. **SALLY JO SCHUBERT (age 17)**

**PRYOR, OKLAHOMA:** I really think the feature on keeping a photo diary is super. Also *Problem Pounds* was good. I really enjoy the whole magazine, but why don't you have something about dancing and a popular hits column? Some time why don't you also have some tips on skating and skating skirts and other

skating fashions? Thank you for such a swell magazine. **CARRIE DAVIDSON (age 14)**

**PUTNAM, CONNECTICUT:** The *AMERICAN GIRL* is undoubtedly the best and most interesting magazine I have ever read. My favorite is *By You*. I especially enjoyed the short fiction story "Mad Dog" by Carol Vanatta in the June *By You* section. I am a dog lover but unfortunately have no luck whatsoever. In six years I have had five dogs, all of whom I loved dearly. But my favorites were my police dog and a stray. Both had to be put away because of sickness. You can see, then, why I love to read about any kind of dog. Please try to have more stories about dogs. But of course *By You* is not the only section I enjoy. The fashions are great and *Hits and Horses* is tops. The story *Incident on a Train* by Mabel Widdemer was wonderful.

**JOELLEN LIARD (age 12)**

**KENYA, EAST AFRICA:** I certainly enjoy getting *The AMERICAN GIRL*. Being an American myself, I enjoy seeing and reading things that remind me of my home in America. I like the dress styles. Clothes are so high-priced here, so we make most of ours, and I have gotten swell patterns from styles printed in *The AMERICAN GIRL*.

**JUDY RETHERFORD (age 16)**

**LONG BEACH, CALIFORNIA:** Your magazine is tops with our family. My mother loves the stories and fashions. My brother loves the jokes and my two-year-old sister loves the pictures. My father likes the tips on good grooming. I like everything. *Hits and Horses* is my favorite story.

**SHERYL WILSON (age 11)**

**UPPER DARBY, PENNSYLVANIA:** I particularly like your fashion and good-grooming tips. I liked *Problems Pounds* very much. The bathing suits and summer play clothes are the best I have seen yet for teen-agers. The May and June covers were very colorful. Please have more good-grooming tips. I want to thank you for putting out such a wonderful and interesting magazine.

**MARIANNE DALESSANDRO (age 12)**

**CASA GRANDE, ARIZONA:** I want to congratulate Amelia Elizabeth Walden on the story *Hits and Horses*. I enjoy playing softball and love to be around and with horses, myself.

I'm looking forward to the new serial, *The Water Witch*. It sounds interesting.

I, as do so many girls, enjoy the fashions. I think most of them are simply stunning, although I didn't like the *Prize Purchase* in the June issue very much. But truly I am proud of such a wonderful magazine for girls wherever they may be. **JANICE McLEOD (age 13)**

**FORT KENT, MAINE:** The first things I look at are: *By You*, *Jokes*, and naturally *A Penny for Your Thoughts*. Then I start from the beginning and read from cover to cover. It's interesting to see how many girls from all over the world read this wonderful magazine. I like to read their opinions of your editions.

SYLVIA COLLIN (age 14)

**ROSEBURY, AUSTRALIA:** I am writing this letter to your wonderful magazine because I think it rates top hat. I especially like the serial *Hits and Horses*, and I think the fashions and *By You* are just marvelous. I am a Girl Guide, and I think *All Over the Map* is very interesting, too. Congratulations to a wonderful magazine and greetings to all AMERICAN GIRL readers.

JENNIE ROBINSON (age 13)

**MADISON, NEBRASKA:** Recently, while I was at the library, I came across some very old copies of *The AMERICAN GIRL*. All I can say is that it certainly has come a long way since then.

I think that *Dear Good-Grooming Editor* is really helpful and should be made a monthly feature. I think you should also have an article on some kind of career each month. I would like to see one on journalism as I plan to enter that field. I would like to become a foreign correspondent.

NANCY WHITFORD (age 14)

**TROY, OHIO:** When I read *Incident on a Train* I just had to sit down and write. It is one of the best stories I have ever read. I sincerely hope you continue to have more of this heart-warming type story.

JOYCE DeWEESE (age 15)

**SHEFFIELD, ENGLAND:** I have been receiving *The AMERICAN GIRL* since Christmas 1954 thanks to my pen pal Sally Anne Keck. It is the nicest magazine I have ever read. I am particularly interested in *All Over the Map*. I am a Girl Guide and my captain agrees there is very useful information here. My mum likes to read *The AMERICAN GIRL*, also my sister Christine.

*Mr. Lincoln Lends a Hand* was very good. So was *Bobo and the Sit-zens Committee*. Bobo reminds me of a new Guide we have in our company. She is refreshing. We never know what she will do next.

Well here's my best wishes for *The AMERICAN GIRL*.

KATHLEEN ROWLAND (age 14)

**LAUREL, MONTANA:** In reading *How to Keep a Photo Diary* I have gotten interested in photographs. I'm starting a photo diary. I always read *By You* because the stories are always so good.

JANE HUNTINGTON (age 13)

**CROSBYTON, TEXAS:** What a pal *The AMERICAN GIRL* is to me! It is always full of hints on good grooming, cooking, personality, and almost everything a girl my age likes and needs.

I just adore your Pat Downing stories. *Incident on a Train* was very thought-stirring, the kind of story we all need to read. *Dear Good-Grooming Editor* was wonderful. I'm sure it will be helpful to all of us.

SUE BARR (age 15)

**MIDDLETOWN, CONNECTICUT:** I especially enjoyed *Incident on a Train*. The conclusion of *Hits and Horses* was one of the nicest endings to a story. The idea of keeping a photo diary

THE AMERICAN GIRL

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is simply zorch. I plan to try it this summer. I'm still hoping to get one of my stories in *By You*. I think it is one of the best parts of the magazine. I wish that you would have more fashions, as do many of my friends.

RINA HELFGOTT (age 13)

**WEST HEMPSTEAD, NEW YORK:** I thought your June cover was just wonderful. I am writing to tell the girls from Europe that it is very nice to hear from them through *A Penny for Your Thoughts*.

I especially liked *First Dance*. I also like *Cooking with Judy* as I like to cook.

MARTHA FORDYCE (age 11)

**BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT:** I have something quite unusual to rave about. It's your advertisements! Most of them are such bargains that I send for at least two things each month.

Of course I like other parts in your magazine, your stories, for instance. Every single one is just wonderful. *Problem Pounds* and *Incident on a Train* were terrific! I always enjoy your Pat Downing stories tremendously.

GLORIA REMENYI (age 12)

Please send your letters to The American Girl, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y., and tell us your age and address

### What Makes a Pretty Girl?

(Continued from page 22)

there, and top with a cute face—preferably soft golden-brown hair and steel-blue eyes. Mix the qualities well with the looks. Assemble nicely. The result—a darn pretty girl!

And how about the girls? What did they have to say on this all-important topic? Plenty. Much of it was hard-hitting and to the point; here and there a novel approach livened up the answers. Perhaps the one feminine thread running through them was a recurrent plea to "try and be more natural." Carole Madasz of John Adams High School, Cleveland, hit the nail squarely when she said, "I could write a volume of do's and don'ts that everybody already knows. But there's only one simple answer: be your own charming self. Remember, you are an individual—and there's no one else quite like you in the world."

Individuality—a splinter thought—came in for some heavy underlining, too. A girl from Ohio wrote, "What you want in a pretty girl is her own knack of doing things. That certain twinkle in her eyes; hop, skip, jump, in her walk; certain style of hair and dressing that's all her own."

The use of make-up created rather an unexpected tempest. The majority of boys accepted the idea that girls were going to wear it, but refused to give their stamp of approval. Generally, they were mildly "against"—and down to the last man they said they hated to see it heavily applied. As one—more broad-minded than many of his companions—said, "Make-up may add to the color and beauty of a girl—but ouch! All those mud packs, pancake make-up, eye shadows, pastes, and creams—it's like jungle camouflage. I draw the line at false eyelashes and fingernails. They scare me—suppose they should fall off!"

Another dark philosopher said, "Girls who use make-up end by looking a great deal worse than when they began."

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A substantial number of boys said okay to a little make-up—provided applications of soap and water go with it.

The girls, on the other hand, were one hundred percent in favor of wearing light cosmetics for everyday. But when it came to heavy make-up, they swung along with the boys' views. As one girl declared, "A little make-up is fine. Lipstick can bring out hidden lights all over your face. But a heavy mask just makes a teen-ager look cheap. As for wearing mascara and rouge to school. NO! This is strictly taboo!"

There were various new approaches to the subject. But one of the drollest we came across was from Marcia Lowinger of Detroit Central High School, who wrote, "A pretty

girl must have three things to her record. First she must have more than ten dollars in her purse at one time. Second, she must be able to eat pizza without slopping it all over her face. Third, she must look like Lauren Bacall."

Also from Detroit came Bobby Greenberg's bland remark that any girl could be pretty—provided she didn't wear "those horrible-looking long socks that look like your grandfather's long woolen underwear."

The outcome of these replies is significant. It is that youth's thinking on "a pretty girl" has been chiseled into a new 1955 shape. It is a workable idea rather than a cliché formula—and it says that any girl can be pretty today if she is alert, clean, has a nice per-

sonality, is natural, knows how to dress.

Burt Schwartz tied together this thought when he wrote, "Nowadays . . . a girl doesn't have to have beautiful eyes, glamorous hair, or a stunning set of teeth."

Overall, the consensus on good grooming is that it counts. Mightily! Fine posture, cleanliness, and lovely hair do, too. They will be with us for the next millenium. But the outstanding idea teen-agers over the United States want to get across is that beauty cannot be considered in strict terms of measurements and imitations. They no longer give lip service to the adage, "pretty is as pretty does." They believe it. And they are carrying out this idea in their everyday living. How about you? THE END

### Water Witch (Continued from page 33)

any trace of her, have you?" Jed asked.

"I wish I had. Did you search the mesa? Look, Jed, there's that nasty pit on the ridge—We've just come from there."

Miles looked grave. "This could be bad, Jed. It wouldn't matter so much if Bert hadn't made those changes. He's got Hal doing a lot of daredevil tricks in the river, diving with the Witch and all the rest of it. Only you're the boy who's actually going to do them, of course. Bert's going to be in a bad spot if you don't find that horse."

"That's what I aim to do." Jed picked up the reins. "Be seeing you, Miles."

The rest of the way home, Jed had very little to say. I should have asked Miles about my camera, Vicky thought, but the camera didn't seem important now.

Sara greeted them from the rail fence when they rode into the yard. "Mr. Oldham has gone back to town," she said. "And is he in a swivel! Produce that horse tomorrow, or he's going to throw in the towel; he's going to head back to Hollywood; he's ruined; he's losing money by the minute. I didn't know he was like that, Jed. He seemed so easygoing."

Jed shrugged. "Let the horses have a rest, Sara, and then you and Vicky try the other side of the canyon, will you? I'm going to scout around in the jalopy."

Jed didn't get home until late that evening, but the girls returned from their expedition at sundown. They had seen yucca and juniper and sand and sagebrush, a wild burro and a jeep. They had sweltered in the sun and been drenched in a sudden downpour, but they hadn't seen a trace of the Water Witch. Neither had Jed.

Sara telephoned her father to tell him what had happened and ask if they might use the company helicopter. The next day, armed with lunch basket, canteen, and field glasses, they continued the search in the helicopter.

Although to Vicky it seemed fantastic to take to the air to hunt for a horse, she reminded herself that this was Arizona, "the flying State," as Sara put it. Several of the McGovern's wealthier neighbors owned their own planes, and Sara had one young admirer who flew up from Phoenix occasionally in his father's Bonanza to see her. As they took off in the "eggbeater" Sara regaled Vicky with tales of his exploits. "Jed loathes him," she said. "He does sort of make people sick, he's so conceited."

"Let's have less talk and more look," Jed growled. "Keep those field glasses at alert. If you see anything that moves, yell."

It was Vicky's first experience in a helicopter, and she was thrilled by it. She felt as though the three of them were sailing along over the trees and housetops on a magic

carpet, or on the back of a giant bird. At times they didn't seem to be flying at all, just hovering in the air, with the earth slowly passing in review beneath them. Sara pointed out the sights of interest, Sunset Crater, the lava beds, Walnut Canyon, Mount Elden, Flagstaff, the Lowell Observatory. When Jed made a breathtaking circuit of the San Francisco peaks, Sara said, "Look, fly boy, the Witch isn't likely to have climbed thirteen thousand feet, or are you just showing Vicky the sights?"

"The helicopter was your idea, remember?"

Jed set the machine down on the Painted Desert and they spread their lunch on a low flat rock. The colors of the encircling sands were muted, pastel tints, sea-foam greens and delicate grays and lilac, creamy yellow and wild-rose pink, and a soft and lovely shade that was like sun on an old brick wall.

Vicky said dreamily, "You'd hardly think the same artist could have painted both this and the Grand Canyon. I guess this was done in water color, and the other in oils."

"This isn't finding horses," Sara said briskly, and began to gather up the picnic things.

Black Falls, the Hopi villages, the Dinosaur Tracks, the Little Colorado below them—Jed swept over them again and again, while the girls gazed down, entranced. Sometimes Vicky forgot the search completely and lost herself in the delight of seeing Arizona, its amazing beauty, its infinite variety.

When Jed veered farther east, Sara looked at him narrowly. "You can't be thinking the Witch could be in the Petrified Forest!"

"We don't want to leave a stone unturned," Jed grinned.

"All right, you just try to turn those stones."

Vicky understood what Sara meant when she saw the huge petrified tree trunks, stricken giants of the forest, lying strewn in disorder below them. Jed was explaining that chips of the petrified trees took a high polish and resembled agate. "I thought it would be a standing forest, turned to stone," Vicky said.

"You can't have everything," Jed said lightly. "Never mind the tree trunks; do you see a horse anywhere?"

"Jed McGovern!" Sara was full of scorn. "You're just giving Vicky a tour by air, and you know it! If you didn't believe in this helicopter idea, why did you go along with it?"

"Fat chance I'd have to argue you out of it," Jed retorted. "You're a determined girl, Sara McG. Heaven help the poor Navajos when you get to be a schoolmarm." He gave Vicky a smile and turned toward home.

There had been no news of the Witch, Sara's mother told them when they returned.

"This package came for you, Vicky," she added.

The children crowded around Vicky's chair on the patio as she began to remove the brown-paper wrappings. "Looks like a box of candy," Bobby said hopefully. "But it isn't from New York so it can't be from your family."

"It's Vicky's package, remember?" Jed put a restraining hand on several eager young shoulders pressing against her. "Maybe she'd like to open it without help."

"It's heavier than candy," Vicky said when the paper fell aside revealing a white box. "Are you sure it isn't from my family, Bobby?"

"It's from Holbrook! I don't know anyone in Holbrook." In the box, carefully packed in crumpled tissue paper, was her camera.

"Nuts!" said Bobby disgustedly. "Nothing but an old camera."

Vicky blinked at it. Her eyes shone as she lifted it out of the box. "Someone found it and sent it back. What luck!"

"Let's see the wrapping." Jed picked up the brown paper, studied the printed address and the name in the upper corner. "One of those forty dudes mailed it on his way back East, I suppose. Name of Smith. That's a big help."

Vicky had the camera open now. "I must have finished that roll of film after all," she said with a puzzled look. "Here it is, all neatly wound up."

Inside the house the telephone shrilled. The call was for Jed. Through the open window Vicky heard him admit he hadn't found the horse. She thought he was talking to Mr. Oldham, but when she heard him say, "Sure I like square dancing, Char, but I've got work to do," she jumped up quickly and carried the camera to her room. A lot Charlotte Haven cared whether the Witch was found or not, she thought savagely as she pulled off her boots. Even under the shower she still had visions of the glamorous Charlotte curtsying to Jed, and his swinging her through the lively figures of the dance. "I'm not jealous," Vicky told herself firmly. Jed must have danced with dozens of girls, hundreds of them, before this summer, and he'll dance with a lot more after this summer is over. If I let myself be jealous, I'll turn as green and ugly as an unripe cheese!

The next day Vicky and Sara went with Jed when he drove to town to see Mr. Oldham. Vicky took her film to the photographer's studio. As she came out, she saw Charlotte, looking more glamorous than ever in a white sundress, golden sandals, gold bracelets, and earrings. For a moment Vicky thought of ducking back into the studio. Then she plunged her hands into the pockets of her



levis and stepped out into the sun. Even if I owned a pair of gold earrings, she thought, I couldn't ever look that glamorous. Might as well grin and bear it.

"Hello, Vicky," Charlotte called eagerly. "We saw you buzzing around yesterday. Bert Oldham had business in Holbrook and he took the gang along. We didn't go to the Petrified Forest, of course, but we saw you sail off in that direction."

Vicky regarded her thoughtfully.

"Bert's so upset, poor dear," Charlotte chattered on. "If Jed doesn't find that horse—Have you been having your picture taken?"

"No, just left a film to be developed."

"Oh?" Charlotte looked interested. "What kind of camera do you have?"

But Vicky had no chance to answer. From the opposite direction, striding along like twin cowboys, their heels clacking smartly on the wooden sidewalk, came Hal and Miles. Hal seized both girls by a wrist. "Got you!" he cried. "Come on, Miles, let's drag them to the corner drugstore and buy them each a soda." And as Vicky held back, looking anxiously up the street for a sign of Jed and Sara, he added, "Oh, come on! This one-horse town is getting me down."

"Especially since the one horse that matters has taken a powder," Miles said soberly. "Any clues yet, Vicky?"

She shook her head. "Too bad," Hal said cheerfully. "More holidays for us, though."

"I hope she hasn't been bit by a rattler, or broken her leg." Miles sounded worried.

"You're a cheerful soul," Charlotte jeered. "Go away, will you? Both of you."

"We're taking you with us," Hal said. "Strawberry, pineapple, what'll it be?"

"Sorry, I've got to run," Vicky said, and made her escape. She waited in the general store until she saw the Rambling Wreck come down the street. Jed was alone. He pulled up to the weathered hitching posts, and Vicky flew out to the car.

"Where's Sara?" she asked.

"Playing with the Oldham twins. It's all over but the packing, Vicky," Jed answered gloomily. "Bert Oldham is all washed up, or so he says anyway. He's going to open a filling station. No more producing for him."

"He doesn't mean that," Vicky tried to be hopeful.

Jed shrugged. "How'd you like to take a run out to the reservation with me?"

"We'd better pick up Sara first, hadn't we?"

"Sara won't see eye-to-eye about this," Jed said ruefully. "In a way I don't blame her."

Vicky was puzzled. "What do you mean?"

"I went out there day before yesterday," he said. "I had a fool idea the Witch might have gone back where she came from. The Navajo boy I bought her from wasn't around, but I left word for him that the Witch had disappeared. Trouble is, Sara won't like my asking him anything."

Then Vicky understood. If the stable door hadn't blown shut, if the Witch had been "borrowed" as Jed put it, she wouldn't have been borrowed by a stranger. Only someone whom she recognized could have got close enough to her to take her away.

"What's he like, this boy?" she asked slowly.

"Tomba? He's a nice guy. About eighteen. He's been to school, which is more than some of them have had a chance to do. He and his little sister live with their grandmother in a hogan. They have some goats and sheep, and the Witch was given to Tomba when she was a colt. It broke his heart to sell her, but he needed the money."

As Jed had predicted, Sara grew suspicious

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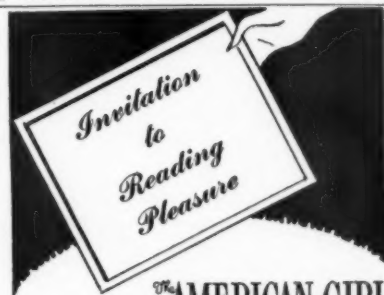
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# SPEAKING OF MOVIES

by BERTHA JANCKE LUECK



**FRANCIS IN THE NAVY** — The talking mule is up to his usual tricks in another branch of the armed forces. His Army officer friend, Donald O'Connor, trying to rescue the mule from the Navy, becomes involved in a case of mistaken identity. In the adventures and misadventures that follow there is plenty of fun, with Francis hindering and helping as O'Connor tries his bewildered best to do all that the Navy demands of him. (Univ.-Int'l)



**THE SEVEN LITTLE FOYS** — Laughter and tears, the homeliness of everyday life and the glamour of the theater are seasoned with song and dance in a delightful VistaVision and Technicolor picture. Bob Hope plays the father whose efforts to keep his seven little Foys together after their mother's death are heartwarming and amusing. James Cagney sings and dances as George M. Cohan. Don't miss this story of a famous theatrical family. (Paramount)



**THE PRIVATE WAR OF MAJOR BENSON** — You will enjoy this warmly human, romantic comedy. A tough major (Charlton Heston) is put in command of cadets, age six to fifteen, at a school conducted by nuns. Immediately a "war" is on between him, the school's woman doctor, and six-year-old "Tiger" Flaherty. The turning of the harsh disciplinarian into an understanding, tolerant man will have you chuckling while it tugs at your heart. (Univ.-Int'l)



**THE GREAT ADVENTURE** — This beautiful film was photographed in Sweden. It is the story of two young farm boys and the wild animals they come to know during a year's cycle of seasons. The fox cubs the boys watch; the otter they hide in the attic, that plays with them in the snow and clowns with a fox cub, are all enchanting. The boys are real, and you will share their joys and disappointments. Be sure to see this. (de Rochemont Associates)

at once when he mentioned going to see Tomba. "You'll give him the idea you think he stole her," she said.

"Nobody's said a word about stealing."

"I don't trust you," Sara came back. "You'll hurt him without knowing it."

It was a hard, dry country through which they drove. Sharp buttes, washes, wasteland. Almost no trees, save for a wilted grove of cottonwoods here and there. Where there was grass for the sheep to graze on, it looked sparse and gray. Vicky had seen the gardens of the Hopis, and the contrast shocked her.

"The Navajos aren't specialists in cultivating the soil, as the Hopis are," Jed explained. "But that's understandable. Nobody could raise anything on this soil. They tend their sheep and weave their rugs and blankets, but it's hardly living."

The hogan where Tomba lived was a rough igloo of clay and wood, far from any neighbors. A shy, black-haired girl sat in front of it, weaving a rug of brilliant blue-and-red, white-and-gray yarn. The girl welcomed them gravely and disappeared into the hogan. A moment later a slender dark-eyed boy joined them. He was dressed much as Jed was, but his hair was long and tied about his forehead was a band of green ribbon. He greeted Sara and Jed quietly, nodded gravely to Vicky, but he had little to say. Vicky felt that there was an uneasiness about him. His black eyes darted sideways and he seemed to be listening for some distant sound.

No, Tomba said, he hadn't seen anything of the Witch. There was no expression at all on his face when he added, "If you think she has been stolen, why do you come *here*?"

"Stolen!" Jed repeated quickly. "I only thought she might have run back here, when she got out. Look, Tomba, you don't think the Witch would let a stranger take her, do you? You know what she's like."

"Why do you come *here*?"

Sara turned away impatiently and began to talk to the girl, but Vicky stared at Tomba. He knows something, she thought. If he didn't "borrow" her himself, he knows who did.

"I need your help," Jed answered. "Will you keep an eye out for her, Tomba?"

As they were driving away, Vicky turned to look back at the hogan. She stiffened. A horse and rider had come across the mesa and were drawing up at Tomba's side. The horse was black and before Tomba waved the newcomer away, Vicky caught a fleeting glimpse of a white blaze on its forehead. Almost without a pause, horse and rider vanished behind the hogan. As Jed turned the car out on the spindling track across the wasteland, Tomba once again stood motionless, gazing after them. Involuntarily, Vicky drew in her breath in a gasp. (To be continued)

## How to Fashion Jewelry with Wire

(Continued from page 29)

### Making Your Jewelry

To make a link, take a piece of the 10" wire. Grasp it with the pliers about 1/16" from the end, and make a sharp right-angle bend (Fig. 1). Make several turns of the wire against the nose of the pliers (Figs. 2 and 3).

Remove from the pliers and flatten down the 1/16" end with a small hammer. Do this by placing the smooth side of the coil down on the side of the pliers, and tapping the point down lightly, till it lies flat.

Now hold the started coil between the tips of your thumb and first finger, and continue

coiling the wire clockwise, evenly and flatly, until the coil measures  $\frac{1}{2}$ " in diameter.

Make a similar coil on the other end of the wire, to match the first, coiling it counter-clockwise. Be sure that the hammered-down points are both on the same side. This can easily be done after the two coils are made, by giving the wire a twist if necessary. The link you are making should now look like Fig. 4, and should measure  $\frac{1}{2}$ " as shown.

With fingers, bend at the center, to the shape shown in Fig. 5.

Now grasp the link between your thumb and fingertip, with the side that has the flattened points under your thumb. Sharply bend the looped end over your thumbnail, as shown in Fig. 6, to form the finished link as shown in Fig. 7.

All but the last link, which has the hook or clasp, are made the same way. Make each succeeding link to the stage where it looks like Fig. 5. Then slip the second link into the first as shown in Fig. 8, and fold over the loop end as in Fig. 9. Continue in the same way with each new link, until your necklace or bracelet is the length you require. Usually thirty-eight links will be enough for the necklace, including the final link that has the clasp; nineteen links should be enough for the bracelet.

Use the  $\frac{1}{2}$ " wire for the last link, which becomes the hook. This wire, being longer, should have the same size coils, but should measure  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches when it reaches the stage of Fig. 4. This gives the extra length necessary for bending back the hook as shown by the arrow at the bottom of Fig. 10. Bend this link as in Fig. 5, but of course the center loop will be much longer. Before slipping it through the preceding link of the necklace or bracelet, squeeze the open loop together. Now slip it through as with the other links, then bend back half of the long double end to form the hook shown at the bottom of Fig. 10.

On the other end of your bracelet or necklace attach the ring which comes in the kit of wire (Fig. 11). This can be done by opening and closing the ring with fingers or pliers. The hook goes into this ring to clasp the piece on neck or arm.

One link, made of the  $\frac{1}{2}$ " wire, as in Fig. 7, can be made into an earring by cementing it to one of the screw-earring fixtures.

Your copper jewelry in time will acquire an antique tarnish. If you prefer to keep it bright, clean it by dipping it in a dish of vinegar with a bit of salt. A quarter of a pint of vinegar to a half teaspoonful of salt gives the right solution. Leave the jewelry in this solution about ten minutes, then rinse well with water. To keep it bright permanently, you can dip it in a special lacquer for copper, which gives it a protective coating.

The chrome-plated wire stays bright permanently and requires no cleaning or lacquering.

You may order enough wire for a bracelet, a necklace, and a pair of earrings. Or you may prefer to start with just a necklace or a bracelet.

#### Jewelry of Uncut Wire

**MATERIALS:** Nails approximately  $\frac{1}{8}$ " in diameter. Drive these into a small board in any desired pattern, to make a jig. Flat-nose pliers. Small hammer. Metal snips or scissors.  $\frac{1}{2}$  round needle file, #2 cut. Emery paper. Length of wire as required for jewelry piece you are making.

Many interesting pieces of jewelry can be

made by winding wire around posts in a jig. Once you have experimented with this, you will have fun making designs of your own for a bracelet, a pin, earrings, or something else you fancy. The pieces shown are just suggestions. The pin requires  $22$ " of wire. Place your nails for the jig as shown in Fig. 12.

At one end of your wire make the pin point by using your file and emery paper to polish down the last  $\frac{1}{4}$ ". Revolve the wire as you file and polish, to keep it round.

Mark the wire  $\frac{1}{2}$ " above the pin point, for the stem. Beyond this point, wind the wire three and one-half times around one of the nails, to form the round spring at the left-hand end of Fig. 13, which is a back view of the pin.

Place the spring at the narrow end of the V in the jig and wind the wire around the posts to the wide end. Figure 12 shows how wire can be wound around the nails in the jig. Of course you may wish to create a design of your own. Now measure in  $\frac{1}{2}$ " from the unworked end of your wire. From this point begin to coil the wire until it meets the design you have made on your jig. Bend this  $\frac{1}{2}$ " into a catch or hook for the pin point, as shown at right-hand end of Fig. 13. Your finished pin is shown in Fig. 14.

Figures 15, 16, and 17 show a possible design for a bracelet made on a jig. You should experiment to get a link or unit that pleases you, like the one, say, in Fig. 16. Now, with your metal snips, or a pair of old scissors, cut pieces of wire all equal, in the length required for this unit. Make as many such units as needed, and join them with pieces of wire about an inch long, moulded by hand or with the pliers into small connecting rings, as shown in the finished bracelet in Fig. 17.

Copper wire is pliable, easy to handle, and quite inexpensive. With a little practice you can become expert in turning out very beautiful and original pieces of jewelry.

#### Where to Obtain Supplies

You may be able to obtain the copper wire for your jewelry work at a craft supply shop right in your own community. If not, here are two suppliers from whom you can order by mail.

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THE END

## Cooking with Judy (Continued from page 30)

to use. To serve, slice peaches into 4 individual dessert dishes and pour cooled custard over fruit. Berries may also be used for this dessert.

"How about a shortcake recipe that uses peaches?" Judy asked.

"Of course. You can use a standard recipe for baking-powder biscuits, or the biscuit-mix recipe in the June AMERICAN GIRL, adding 1 tablespoon of sugar and an extra tablespoon of shortening for each cup of flour or mix. But you might like to try this different recipe."

"I'll be adventurous and use the new one," said Judy. She looked puzzled as she read through the recipe. "This is queer," she said. "There isn't any shortening."

"Oh, yes, there is—the salad oil. It makes a tender dough by coating the flour particles, just as the butter, margarine, or other shortenings do."

"Would you fix the peaches, please, while I make the biscuits?" Judy asked.

"Be glad to. I'll peel and slice them, and sprinkle them with a little sugar. That helps to draw out the juice and delays the darkening when the air hits them. To keep their color, we could sprinkle a little lemon juice over them, or some of the ascorbic-acid and citric-acid commercial products made for that purpose. I'll put them in the refrigerator until you are ready to use them."

### PEACH SHORTCAKE

2 cups sifted flour	3 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt	1/3 cup salad oil
2 tablespoons sugar	3/4 cup milk

Sift together dry ingredients. Pour oil into measuring cup. Add milk to oil in measuring cup, but do not stir. Pour liquid mixture into dry ingredients. Stir with fork until mixture clears sides of bowl and rounds into a ball.

Knead 10 times. Roll or pat out 1/2" thick between two pieces of wax paper. Cut with cookie cutter. Brush with softened butter or margarine and put 2 biscuits together, sandwich fashion. Bake in very hot oven (475°) 10 to 12 minutes.

Peel and slice 6 or 8 peaches. Sprinkle with sugar and lemon juice. Split hot biscuits. Spread lower half with peaches, cover with top half, and add more peaches. Top with whipped cream. Garnish each serving with extra peach slices around the plate.

"Mother lets me make **Pretty Peaches** at home," Judy said as she rolled out the biscuits. "I peel the peaches and cut them in half. I take out the pit and fill each half with a dot of butter, some brown or white sugar, and a couple of raisins. I either broil them or bake them in a moderate oven for about twenty minutes. We all like them for a hot dessert. They taste good with meat, too."

"I imagine they would be especially good with a baked ham. Really, there is no end to the ways you can use berries, peaches, and cherries. It is an adventure to explore cookbooks and try the different recipes."

"Oh, that reminds me. When Dad left for

work this morning he looked right at me and hummed that old tune about 'Can She Bake A Cherry Pie?' Do you suppose I could, or is it too late?"

"Yes to the first part of your question; no to the second. I have some cherries I was going to use for a cobbler—I'll give you the recipe for that to add to your collection. We won't have time today for all the intricacies of making pastry—one of these days we will devote a whole cooking session to that. We'll use one of these pie-crust mixes I keep on hand. Suppose we choose the pie-crust sticks."

### CHERRY PIE

Pastry for 2 crusts for 9" pie plate, made from standard pastry recipe or packaged mix.

5 cups fresh, pitted, sour red cherries	7 tablespoons flour
	1 1/2 cups sugar
	1/4 teaspoon almond flavoring

Line pie plate with pastry for lower crust. Combine remaining ingredients and fill crust. Cover with top crust. Cut slits in the crust for decoration and to allow steam to escape. Bake in hot oven (425°) 45 minutes, or until crust is nicely browned. Serve warm, plain or with vanilla ice cream.

As Judy rolled the pastry between two large pieces of wax paper, to keep it from sticking to the table or rolling pin, Miss Sanderson added to Judy's file the recipe for:

### CHERRY COBBLER

Shortcake Biscuit Dough: 1/2 recipe

3 cups fresh, pitted, sour red cherries	1 tablespoon flour
	1 1/2 cups sugar
	4 tablespoons butter

Heat cherries, flour, and sugar to boiling in a saucepan. Pour into an 8" square baking dish. Dot with butter. Cover with biscuit dough. Bake in hot oven (425°) 30 minutes. Serve hot.

Later, as they sampled a peach shortcake, they talked about next month's plans.

"I thought September would be a good month to do things that are fun to cook and to eat, but are also low in calories. Many of us, after summer vacation, probably want to do some subtraction 'figuring' for fall clothes!"

Judy was enthusiastic. "Lots of girls — mothers and dads, too—watch calories. I think that should be one of the most interesting cooking sessions we've had yet. Oh, look at that clock—I have to scoot!"

As she left, with a pan of blueberry muffins in one hand and the cherry pie in the other, Judy said, "I did enjoy seeing that test kitchen. Thanks for taking me. See you next month—and I hope you'll have lots of fruit and berry recipes from our readers to show me."

**\*Send your recipes using Summer Fruits or Berries to the Cooking Editor, The AMERICAN GIRL Magazine, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y. Recipes must be mailed by August 19. For each recipe printed in the issue which features readers' recipes we will pay five dollars. All recipes become the property of The AMERICAN GIRL and cannot be returned.**

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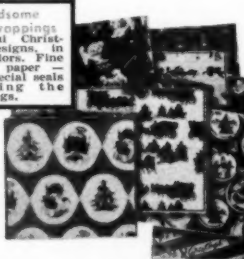
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THE AMERICAN GIRL

57

# All Over the Map

Hour photo, Bart Fay



Everyone lends a hand as Brownie Troop 69, Norwalk, Connecticut, makes cookies for shut-ins

**SUMMER IS** "so full of a number of things" that some of the good times may slip through memory's sieve. So Troop 190 in Lansdowne, Pennsylvania, decided to keep a summertime log to which the girls would all contribute stories or pictures of their activities. The neatly typed, eleven-page log, illustrated with snapshots, is an interesting record of summer fun and projects. Here are some brief, highlight quotations from it:

"This is the story of a busy summer. The fun started in the spring, when we attended a co-ordinated troop camp of the Delaware County Council at Camp Upland. Each troop had its own cabin and cooking area, set up a primitive kitchen, lashed its equipment. It was interesting to get acquainted with other troops and learn how they did things.

"Six girls from our troop were trained to teach campcraft and handicrafts at Camp Upland. Next year we will help train a younger group to carry on after us.

"In June we camped with five other troops at Camp Borton. We had a pioneer unit and slept in tents. Swimming and boating were the best things we did.

"During the summer the Red Cross and the Girl Scouts sponsored swimming classes. Some of the girls from our troop joined and all passed their tests.

"Then in July we spent three days at Cape May, New Jersey. We stayed at the American Youth Hostel. We spent most of our time at the beach. We had planned our safety rules before we left and each of us who is a lifesaver was responsible—under the direct supervision of a lifeguard on duty, of course—for her own small group of girls. We cooked our own meals and had a wonderful time.

"August was the busiest month! We finally had to use a filing system to keep menus and permission slips for different outings from getting confused.

"The first project was an experiment. We invited a group of inexperienced campers to go on a camping trip with us. Before we went

we gave them some lessons in knots, bedrolls, and kapers charts. At camp they divided into groups for instruction in first aid, woodcraft, firebuilding, and other campcraft. We had fun and the new campers keep asking when they can go again.

"Next we had a pioneer camp at Sunset Hill. We cleared a space in the woods, along the creek, for our pup tents. We set up our kitchen, made caches, and lashed our equipment. We had very good food—steak, fried chicken, corn, beef stew were on our menus. We baked biscuits, cinnamon buns, pie, and cake in the reflector ovens. We invited some Y.W.C.A. girls camping in the woods to an evening campfire. We had a feast, taught each other songs, and all joined hands in a good-night circle.

"The Red Cross and Girl Scouts of Delaware County also had a Junior Lifesaving course for all Girl Scouts. Some of our girls took it and all passed their tests. When the lifesaving courses were over we were ready for our one-week waterfront camp with Mariner troop *Sinbadd*. The waterfront-safety instructor used as assistants the Mariners who were Senior Lifesavers, and there was a wonderful program of canoeing, boating and swimming.

"We also had a camping trip to Parvin State Park in New Jersey. We had three sites near the lake, with pine trees all around. The first day was a little rough, because the food and equipment all arrived at different times. But we soon had camp set up in two units. Some of us slept in pup tents, but by the last night most of us were sleeping out under the stars. All the girls worked hard for their Canoeing and Boating badges, and for Red Cross swimming certificates. The food was as you would expect—good. One day the park gave permission to have a big fire on the beach, and we roasted two turkeys. We named them Tom and Harry. It takes a lot of wood and a lot of fire tending. With the turkey we served mashed potatoes and gravy, cranberry

sauce, mixed green salad, and cake with chocolate frosting (baked in a reflector oven at one side of the fire).

"On Sunday we put on our uniforms and hiked to a little country church. We were very hot and thirsty after our hike, and one of the men drove to his own home and brought back pails of cold water and cups so that we could have a cool drink before we started back to camp. We thought it was the nicest, most friendly thing we ever heard of. They were happy to have Girl Scout visitors. That night we had a most beautiful Scouts' Own on the edge of the lake. It was dark, and we could see the stars in the water. One of the Mariners wrote a special prayer for the end."

These excerpts, we hope, will give you the flavor of a full record of a happy and rewarding summer.

**A 40,000-TON U.S. NAVY** aircraft carrier is scarcely the place one would expect to find members of the Girl Scouts of the U.S.A. But if you were to visit the carrier *Oriskany* you would find that the Commanding Officer and three others hold adult membership cards in the Girl Scout organization, presented to them by Troop 61 of the Alameda, California, Council.

Most of the girls of Troop 61 have been together in Scouting, with the same leader, since they were Brownies. When they became a Mariner troop they acquired a twenty-six-foot sailboat which they scraped, painted, and overhauled from bow to stern. With it they have enjoyed the wonderful experiences the Mariner program offers, but the greatest thrill for the girls was when the troop was officially adopted by the officers and men of the USS *Oriskany*.

The colorful ceremony took place on the hangar deck of the carrier when it was in port at the Alameda Naval Air Station. The Mariners and more than five hundred guests were welcomed on board by the ship's Commanding Officer. Flags were massed by color guards



## Headline News in Girl Scouting

Official U.S. Navy photo



The Commanding Officer of the USS Oriskany presents a Mariner flag to Troop 61 (above) of Alameda, California, on board the big carrier

from other Alameda Girl Scout troops. After the invocation by the carrier's chaplain, the Commanding Officer presented Troop 61 with a beautiful new American flag and a blue-and-white Mariner troop flag. The troop also received a new set of life preservers for their boat from the local Kiwanis Club.

Speaking for the Mariners, their leader expressed their pride in the honor that had been paid them, and a troop member presented the adult membership cards to the Commanding Officer and three of the crew.

The leader also told the audience that Troop 61 and other troops of the Alameda council were "adopting" the Oriskany Home, an orphanage for children in Japan supported entirely by funds collected by the personnel of the carrier. The girls help by sending clothing, toys, and other gifts to the carrier for the Oriskany Home.

Traditionally, ships of certain classes in the Navy are named for people and places famous in our history, and Navy men are proud to serve aboard a ship with a famous name. Troop 61 followed Navy tradition by naming their sailboat the *MSS Oriskany*. Their troop has now become Mariner Troop Oriskany 34, the 34 corresponding to the hull number of the carrier.

**"GIRL SCOUTS DO THE NICEST THINGS!"** said the elderly patient in the convalescent home, reaching for another cookie. For the Girl Scouts of Norwalk, Connecticut, it was a heartwarming, to-be-treasured compliment.

There are eight convalescent homes for older people in Norwalk. At Christmastime the Scouts of the Norwalk Council made gifts for the patients in all the homes, and sang carols at each. The response was so warm that several of the Scouts decided to make it a year-round project.

Brownies, Intermediates, and Seniors all take part, making cookies and individual gifts for the patients. On holidays and other special

occasions, groups of Scouts call at the homes to visit and present the gifts. Perhaps the happiest part of the visits is the group singing of favorite songs, in which their older friends join, just before the girls leave.

**ANOTHER ADVENTURE-IN-FRIENDSHIP** story comes from the Westwood, California, Council. At a neighborhood meeting it was suggested that the Girl Scouts might be of service to the Los Angeles Foundation for the Blind. The leader of Intermediate Troop 548 in Westwood told the troop about the suggestion, and after discussing the idea, the girls decided the first thing to do would be to visit the Foundation and find out what they could do for the children.

After they had seen moving pictures showing what the blind children could do, and how much they enjoyed outdoor activities, the girls decided, with the approval of the Foundation, to entertain some of the children on a hayride and weiner roast.

So one Saturday morning the Scouts and twelve children, ranging in age from six to twelve, rode gaily off in a hay-filled wagon drawn by big gray horses. At the picnic spot there were weiners and all that goes with them. Special refreshments of cake and ice cream were provided by two of the Scouts whose birthday it happened to be.

Afterward the troop put on a short skit based on the life of Juliette Low. This was followed by singing and simple dances in which the guests joined.

When the hay wagon returned them to the Foundation, it was hard to tell who were the happiest—the Girl Scouts, or their guests to whom sight has been denied.

**IN MOORESVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA,** the girls of Troop 36 and Troop 37 of the Catawba Valley Area Council were planning a mothers' tea. It would be nice, they thought, if they could invite as a special guest a lady about the age Juliette Low would be

if she were still living. And—they actually did find, in a neighboring town, a lady in her nineties who graciously accepted their invitation to the tea.

The party was a gala affair, with a big cake decorated in green and yellow, and a green-and-yellow corsage for the guest of honor. The girls had handmade gifts for their mothers, and for their honor guest there was a pillow they had made, candy, fruit, handkerchiefs, and other little gifts. Every girl contributed in some way to the success of the party.

In the same council fun in the out of doors turned into a community-service project for Brownie Troop 44 of Rhodhiss, North Carolina. The Council Bulletin had suggested that troops might make bluebird houses, because these birds are becoming a diminishing species in that area, due to lack of nesting sites. Directions were also given in the Bulletin for making the houses.

The Brownies of Troop 44 set to work. Fathers helped. The personnel of the Pacific Mills offered the use of their workshop; the Hoe-and-Hope Garden Club lent its assistance.

The real test came after the Brownies took home their completed birdhouses. Would the bluebirds move in? They had the answer in a few days, with all of the Brownies reporting bluebird tenants inspecting the new homes.

**SEND YOUR SCOUT NEWS** to "All Over the Map." This is the Scouts' own department, through which they exchange news and ideas.

Has your troop taken an interesting trip? Carried on a different kind of community service? Had an especially fine time camping? Done something unusual that you think other Guides and Scouts would like to know about? Tell them about your troop's fun and service in this department.

Send photographs, too—clear black-and-white prints in good focus, 4" x 5" or larger.

THE END

# Scouts to the Rescue!

Wing Scouts and Air Explorers practice together as a "crash" ground crew

by JOAN YARD

**F**LASH! A plane in distress! It's crashed—it's down!

You might hear such a signal if you lived near Bakersfield, California—a center of intensive military and civilian aviation activity. A plane crash in this vicinity calls for immediate action. How quickly it can be located may spell the life or death of the pilot.

Almost instantly the search planes at Taft Airport seem to rise into the sky, fanning out in many directions. They are well-trained and disciplined for just this sort of mission—each pilot knows exactly what he has to do. There will be no fumbblings, no delay—each will scan the earth in just one segment of the map, reporting by radio to the dispatcher who will order him on to another "square." Thus the whole area will be quickly covered.

But what is this? Yes, sure enough—that competent ground crew are all in Scout uniform! The girls are members of Kern County Council's Wing Scout Troop 226. They are manning the big air map that is ruled off in "search grids," maintaining flight logs of all flights, dispatching the search pilots. The boys are members of an Air Explorer troop; they are maintaining the radio communications and assisting the girls with the dispatching. Only the men in the air are "professionals"—members of the local pilots' association.

Of course this sort of smooth co-operation in a life-and-death emergency doesn't come about overnight. It requires the most painstaking preparation. But the girls of Troop 226 believe their service activity is one that is worth any amount of hard work.

Some time ago the troop's service committee visited the pilots' association to ask if there was something the Scouts could do to be useful in the field of aviation. It so happened that the pilots' group had just taken on the sponsorship of a troop of Air Explorers. They listened to the girls' plea attentively and took it very seriously. And this thought occurred to them: they themselves needed a great deal better training and practice than any of them had in this business of air rescue, which, if haphazard or poorly-co-ordinated, can cost many lives. Perhaps, working at it together, with the young people as the ground crew, they could perfect emergency rescue technique and gain needed experience in carrying it out.

That's how it began. There followed a month of intensive preparation, when all three groups were applying themselves to the task of learning their own parts in the rescue rehearsal that was to follow. The pilots made it clear that they wanted only helpers who were qualified, skilled at the things they would be called on to do, able to do them with alacrity. For the Wing Scouts they prescribed the following:

1. Know and observe airport safety practices.
2. Know and be able to identify all natural and cultural features, all aeronautical symbols on the air map within the search area.
3. Know 24-hour clock time.
4. Report for duty in full regulation uniform.

The girls pitched into this month of train-

ing with the utmost enthusiasm. Their troop name "CAVU" is the aeronautical weather term which means "ceiling and visibility unlimited." It expresses something of their outlook on this exciting new activity. Moreover, the fifteen members of the troop were used to working together: they had been a continuous unit under the same leadership ever since their Brownie days. Most of them are freshmen in high school, with ambitious plans for achievement during the next three years.

Training completed, the three groups were all ready for the day of the big test—a mock plane-crash search. It took place on a Sunday, with every individual fully aware of the role he or she would be expected to play in the co-ordinated effort.

The Air Explorers had been assigned to prepare a complete full-scale plane "mock-up"—the likeness of a downed military aircraft. This they were to place in a location within the fifteen-mile radius of the airport, in a spot known only to themselves.

The Wing Scouts had themselves prepared their map with grids for the search pattern. And they knew exactly what they had to do in dispatching the search planes, each to assigned areas, maintaining the logs, and keeping in communication with the planes through the radio operated by the Explorers.

For the pilots the assignment was simple: find that mock-up plane wreck—and find it fast! Each pilot carried with him a Los Angeles sectional map. He must obtain light for airport traffic control, fly the areas assigned to him, and report. The whole oper-



Above: Pilots' breakfast fly-in gives Scouts practice serving food to a large group

Left: A pilot directs search plan—with map, scanning, ground-to-plane communication

ation was under the direction of the Taft Airport Wing Flight Commander.

The search, which began at eleven A.M., ended in record time, when the mock-up plane was duly spotted, and "rescue" carried out. There followed a jolly bean feed at the airport, prepared by the pilots for everyone concerned with the test. It provided an opportunity for some good evaluation of what had been accomplished, and what, if anything, had gone wrong. A few things had, of course, on this initial try: messages misunderstood by the Explorers; grid designations confused by the Wing Scouts.

What everyone got out of it, as well as the practice, was the realization of the immense importance of training and of planning. In a real emergency, with human lives at stake, nothing—but nothing—must go wrong!

The Scouts feel that this opportunity to work and to serve with an active, well-organized pilots' group gives their Wing Scout program real meaning, as well as an exciting out-of-doors activity. The pilots at first had thought of Wing Scouting as a form of flying activity—they have been impressed with the fact that these girls are eager to engage in work that complements theirs, and ready to wait the time when they have sufficient basic knowledge to make a planned flight activity a real benefit to those who may choose to go in for it.

Meanwhile Troop 226 will aid the pilots at their next fly-in breakfast at the airport. The girls will be ready to direct traffic, park the planes, register the guests, assist with the preparation and serving of the food, and with the operation of an information and a first-aid booth.

You can't go into these things cold, nor bluff your way through, the Scouts will tell you. But if you want a service activity that really counts for something, here it is! The breakfast fly-in they see as a first step in training for a larger role that might come in a real emergency—one that would call for feeding large groups of people in the event their airport ever had to be used to evacuate the area by air, or to fly in large groups of people or supplies from another area.

Whatever the emergency, this little group of Wing Scouts will be ready. They think the service they have pioneered should find favor with many other Wing Scout troops in many parts of the United States.

THE END

## By You

(Continued from page 35)

Remember the day when . . . Oh, Mamsie is calling you. Yes, say you'll hurry.

Now for the dress. Your very first party dress. Hurry with it. The gang is here. You don't want to be late, do you?

Feel that soft yellow nylon and those sheer hose. Really makes you feel grown-up, doesn't it? But you will be thirteen, and you think that's a ripe old age.

Yes, I think they are symbols, too. One of the girl you leave behind, and one of the girl whose future you now face. But this is just a part of growing up which we all do, this saying good-by.

But now to say it. But wait, not yet. No, you'll never quite get over the touch of those soft curls. Now say it. Not good-by, just "I'll be seeing you." Kiss her just once more.

All right, Sandy. Go out and face the gang. Dry your eyes and—oh yes! Remember, you're thirteen now.

VICTORIA ANN PECK (age 11) Kansas City, Mo.

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**ART AWARD:**  
Julie Haug (age 13)  
Kansas City, Missouri

### TRAIN RIDE Poetry Award

Telephone poles and  
acres  
of rich black dirt. . . .  
Misty rain  
and  
the wind-tortured shapes of trees. . . .  
The slick shininess  
of the highway  
and a  
horse path  
through the weeds.

The chattering  
of little girls across the aisle. . . .  
A doll  
with red hair. . . .  
Rain  
and  
a long, dark tunnel. . . .  
White smoke  
billowing past the window. . . .  
The lonesome  
whistle  
of a ship out in the bay. . . .  
Rain.

CYNTHIA HECHT (age 16)      Burlingame, Calif.

### THE GUEST Nonfiction Award

In my home tonight there is a hum of general excitement. Mother is calling for a volunteer table setter, while the three of us discuss the distribution of chores—who is to set the table, who to milk the goats, who to finish the salad and season the meat. Mother continues to call. Now there is a halting silence as the cacophony subsides, and we set off in all directions to perform our finally decided upon chores.

As I return from the barn after milking the goats and my sisters complete their chores, bedlam is once again imminent. Then a taxicab arrives.

These are the usual proceedings which occur in our household as often as dinner guests are expected—but it is different tonight.

What is it that is different? It isn't the dinner or the preparations, it is the guest. The guest is no eminent personage or long-lost relative, but merely an uncle whom I see frequently. Why, then, am I so excited? Is it because he plays the piano as well (and in my opinion better) than many concert performers and will probably play for us tonight? Or is it because we admire him so for his ability to teach piano and singing, to play the organ while directing a group of singers at the same time?

No, none of these, although they are all quite true, is the reason. What then is the cause for my special joy at seeing him?

It is because I enjoy spending the evening with a man of whom I am so proud and fond and a man who is so cheerful and uncomplaining in spite of a lifetime of total blindness.

JOANNE LEONARD (age 14)      Hollywood, Calif.

### HATEFUL HEART Fiction Award

The mare rose on her hind legs. Her left forefoot lashed out and caught the cowboy off guard. He fell to his knees, and before he could regain his footing she struck. Again and again and again, until the hate she held for him in her heart was satisfied.

She rose again on her hind legs, screaming. The sun looked down on her wet, foam-flecked body and then went behind a cloud, not daring to look.

When she came down, she ran to the fence and stopped. She stood there barely moving, with the exception of the swishing of her tail to ward off the flies. She stood there, with her head cocked to one side, as if she were plotting a course of action. She worked the tail back and forth, back and forth, back and forth, and then she turned. Slowly, ever so slowly she walked to the other side of the corral and then turned again. She looked around her, as if she expected something to happen. Nothing did.

There was a stillness in the air, and not a sound was anywhere. It was an eerie stillness, no birds, no wind, no sound. Just stillness. Just quiet.

The mare reared again, her forefeet pawing the air.

A gun sounded somewhere in the distance, shattering the stillness.

The sun came out once more, and the wind rustled through the trees, and the birds sang.

LIZ TRAURING (age 14)      Forest Hills, New York

### FLORIDA NIGHT Poetry Award

The white sands snuggle down beneath their dark, night blanket.

The moon, their night light, shines without blinking;

The shells rock upon the water;  
For heavily the ocean breathes.

The pines whisper among themselves.  
The palms rustle in the night air.

The cricket takes the treble and the  
bullfrog supplies the bass,  
with the locust in the middle.

JANE LEWIS (age 11)      Roselle, Illinois

### WHAT'S IMPORTANT? Fiction Award

Janis looked at the circle of waiting faces—faces that in a few moments could register either scorn or acceptance.

It was up to her.

She could picture the thrill; the gaiety of being accepted by this crowd, the crowd who ran Elmdale High. If she took the cigarette being offered her, she would be a part at last.

Janis knew only too well what it would be like to be out in the cold again, for only recently had the door of popularity opened for her. Suddenly, it seemed to be shutting again.

She looked at haughty Jo Ellis—smug, superior, pretty. How she wanted a friend like Jo Ellis! They could have so much fun talking over clothes and boys.

Her glance rested on Pete Williams who grinned easily at her. "Come on!" his laughing eyes seemed to say. Janis flushed a little under his gaze because she liked him so much. He acted as though he liked her, too. Maybe, if she took it—Pete would date her then; Jo would be her best friend.

The picture changed then. Her lovable, laughing mother and father were smiling at her. She remembered their words of earlier that day. "We'll always trust you, honey. You'll never fail us."

All this passed through her mind in an instant.

"No, thank you. I don't care for one." Her voice was amazingly clear and cool. Jo's mouth twisted smugly. Pete grinned down at pert Valerie Simmons. The lights of Jake's Grill smeared before her eyes. The gathering place of the crowd, Janis rose swiftly and hurried out, a small blond girl in a brown coat.

Her hurrying footsteps seemed to say, "What's important? What's important?"

And her heart seemed to answer back and say, "Your own self-respect and that of those you love."

MARY JO HANLEY (age 16)      Edmonds, Washington

### WISDOM Poetry Award

What is wisdom?

Is wisdom the learning of books?

Is wisdom the cunning of crooks?

Is wisdom a trait of the sages?

Who lived in historical ages?

Does the lack of a little red school

Make a man or a woman a fool?

Is wisdom inborn or acquired?

And wherefore is wisdom desired?

Could wisdom be, in disguise,

Simply the wish to be wise.

The intuitiveness to inquire,

The burning of intellect's fire?

The realization to see

How infinite learning can be?

If this be what wisdom implies,

Then, Spirit of Wisdom, arise;

Kindle thy spark in my eyes.

That I too may taste of the wise.

O, Wisdom, what art thou?

MARTHA E. MILLER (age 17)      Gary, Indiana

### HONORABLE MENTION

POETRY: Lynette Lamons (age 13) Arthur, Iowa;  
Sheila Sue Simkin (age 13) Anderson, Ind.

FICTION: Mary Sharon Spence (age 12) Jessup,  
Penna. Fran Galbraith (age 15) Los Altos, Cal.

NONFICTION: Charter Heslep (age 11) Silver  
Spring, Maryland; Linda Andrews (age 14) Cedar  
Falls, Iowa.

PHOTOGRAPHY: Linda Mae Rosenblum (age 14)  
Fiskdale, Mass.; Tina Thayer (age 12) South  
Laguna, Cal.; Nancy Fuchs (age 12) Valley  
Stream, N. Y.

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Salt Lake City, Utah	Auerbach's
San Antonio, Tex.	Joske's
San Francisco, Calif.	The White House
Scranton, Penna.	Cleland Simpson Co.
Studio City, Calif.	The Young Lady
Torrington, Conn.	Meisels Youth Center
West Palm Beach, Fla.	The Deb Shop
Woonsocket, R. I.	Kornstein's

## COVER

Ira Weisman's pixie tam

Atlanta, Ga.	Regensteins
Baltimore, Md.	Hutzler's
Boston, Mass.	Jordan Marsh Co.
Burlington, N. C.	B. A. Sellers & Sons, Inc.
Cincinnati, Ohio	Mabley & Carew Co.
Cleveland, Ohio	The Higbee Co.
Indianapolis, Ind.	L. S. Ayres & Co.
Kansas City, Mo.	Farrar's Girls Shop
La Grange Park, Ill.	Chas. A. Stevens & Co.
New York, N. Y.	Stern Bros.

Youth Mode's barrel bag

Boston, Mass.	Filene's
Cleveland, Ohio	The Halle Bros. Co.
Dayton, Ohio	Rike-Kumler Co.
Detroit, Mich.	The J. L. Hudson Co.
Hartford, Conn.	G. Fox & Co.
Houston, Tex.	Foley's
Los Angeles, Calif.	J. W. Robinson Co.
New York, N. Y.	B. Altman & Co.
Pittsburgh, Penna.	Kaufmann's

## LINGERIE—PAGE 24

Her Majesty's nylon slip

Baltimore, Md.	Hutzler's
Buffalo, N. Y.	J. N. Adams

Chicago, Ill.	Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio	Shillito's
Columbus, Ohio	F. & R. Lazarus
Detroit, Mich.	The J. L. Hudson Co.
Hartford, Conn.	G. Fox & Co.
Indianapolis, Ind.	The Wm. H. Block Co.
Minneapolis, Minn.	Dayton Co.
Nashville, Tenn.	Harveys
Philadelphia, Penna.	Gimbels
Pittsburgh, Penna.	Kaufmann's
Rochester, Minn.	Dayton Co.
St. Louis, Mo.	Stix, Baer & Fuller
St. Paul, Minn.	Schuneman's, Inc.
Washington, D. C.	Woodward & Lothrop

Laros' harlequin pajama

Baltimore, Md.	Stewart's
Cincinnati, Ohio	H. & S. Pogue Co.
Cleveland, Ohio	The Halle Bros. Co.
Detroit, Mich.	The J. L. Hudson Co.
Houston, Tex.	Sakowitz
Shreveport, La.	Selber Bros.

Her Majesty's polished cotton slip

Baltimore, Md.	Hutzler's
Buffalo, N. Y.	J. N. Adams
Chicago, Ill.	Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio	Shillito's
Columbus, Ohio	F. & R. Lazarus
Detroit, Mich.	The J. L. Hudson Co.
Hartford, Conn.	G. Fox & Co.
Indianapolis, Ind.	The Wm. H. Block Co.
Minneapolis, Minn.	Dayton Co.
Nashville, Tenn.	Harveys
Philadelphia, Penna.	Gimbels
Pittsburgh, Penna.	Kaufmann's
Rochester, Minn.	Dayton Co.
St. Louis, Mo.	Stix, Baer & Fuller
St. Paul, Minn.	Schuneman's, Inc.
Seattle, Wash.	The Bon Marche
Washington, D. C.	Woodward & Lothrop

Laros' Flower Girl slip

Baltimore, Md.	Stewart's
Boston, Mass.	R. H. Stearns Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio	H. & S. Pogue Co.
Cleveland, Ohio	The Halle Bros. Co.
Detroit, Mich.	The J. L. Hudson Co.
Houston, Tex.	Sakowitz

## COTTON DRESSES—PAGE 25

Petiteen

Akron, Ohio	M. O'Neil Co.
Atlanta, Ga.	Davison-Paxon Co.
Baltimore, Md.	The May Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio	H. & S. Pogue Co.
Cleveland, Ohio	The Higbee Co.
Columbus, Ohio	F. & R. Lazarus
Hartford, Conn.	G. Fox & Co.
New Orleans, La.	D. H. Holmes Co., Ltd.
New York, N. Y.	Gimbels
Philadelphia, Penna.	Strawbridge & Clothier
St. Louis, Mo.	Famous-Barr Co.
Washington, D. C.	Woodward & Lothrop

R. A. R.

Amarillo, Tex.	White & Kirk
Atlanta, Ga.	Davison-Paxon Co.
Baltimore, Md.	Hutzler's
Boston, Mass.	Filene's
Cincinnati, Ohio	H. & S. Pogue Co.
Cleveland, Ohio	The Higbee Co.
Hartford, Conn.	G. Fox & Co.
Kansas City, Mo.	Macy's
Los Angeles, Calif.	The May Co.
Miami, Fla.	Burdine's, Inc.
Milwaukee, Wisc.	Gimbels
Minneapolis, Minn.	Dayton Co.
Nashville, Tenn.	Harveys
New Orleans, La.	D. H. Holmes Co., Ltd.
Pittsburgh, Penna.	Kaufmann's
Portland, Ore.	Meier & Frank Co.
Providence, R. I.	Cherry & Webb Co.
Rochester, Minn.	Dayton Co.
Sacramento, Calif.	Weinstock-Lubin & Co.
St. Louis, Mo.	Stix, Baer & Fuller
San Francisco, Calif.	The Emporium
Washington, D. C.	The Hecht Co.

Bobby Teen

Chicago, Ill.	Goldblatt Bros., Inc.
Lincoln, Nebr.	Gold & Co.
Minneapolis, Minn.	John W. Thomas Co.
New York, N. Y.	Gimbels

## SEPARATES—PAGE 26

College Teen

Atlanta, Ga.	Rich's, Inc.
Baltimore, Md.	Hutzler's
Boston, Mass.	Filene's
Cincinnati, Ohio	Shillito's
Dayton, Ohio	Rike-Kumler Co.
Des Moines, Iowa	Younkers
Hartford, Conn.	G. Fox & Co.
Indianapolis, Ind.	L. S. Ayres & Co.
Minneapolis, Minn.	Dayton Co.
Rochester, Minn.	Dayton Co.
Syracuse, N. Y.	E. W. Edwards & Son

Lortags

Baltimore, Md.	Hutzler's
Boston, Mass.	Filene's
Detroit, Mich.	The J. L. Hudson Co.
Philadelphia, Penna.	Strawbridge & Clothier
Raleigh, N. C.	Ivey-Taylor Co.

Touraine

Cincinnati, Ohio	H. & S. Pogue Co.
Cleveland, Ohio	The Halle Bros. Co.
Los Angeles, Calif.	J. W. Robinson Co.
Philadelphia, Penna.	Strawbridge & Clothier
Santa Ana, Calif.	Rankin's
Washington, D. C.	The Hecht Co.

## SWEATERS AND SKIRTS—PAGE 27

May Knitting's Orlon sweater

Akron, Ohio	M. O'Neil Co.
Boston, Mass.	C. Crawford Hollidge
Chicago, Ill.	Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.
Pittsburgh, Penna.	Kaufmann's
Toledo, Ohio	Lamson's

Carrot Top's suspender skirt

Boston, Mass.	Filene's
Philadelphia, Penna.	Strawbridge & Clothier
San Francisco, Calif.	The Emporium
Washington, D. C.	The Hecht Co.

Grand Knitting's Orlon sweater

Baltimore, Md.	Hutzler's
Chicago, Ill.	Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.
Los Angeles, Calif.	The Broadway
St. Louis, Mo.	Stix, Baer & Fuller

Jaymee's subteen skirt

Baltimore, Md.	Hutzler's
Boston, Mass.	Filene's
Brooklyn, N. Y.	Abraham & Straus
Cincinnati, Ohio	Shillito's
Los Angeles, Calif.	Bullock's
Philadelphia, Penna.	Strawbridge & Clothier
St. Louis, Mo.	Stix, Baer & Fuller
Washington, D. C.	The Hecht Co.

Pandora's Orlon sweater

Cincinnati, Ohio	Shillito's
Dayton, Ohio	Rike-Kumler Co.
Indianapolis, Ind.	L. S. Ayres & Co.
Los Angeles, Calif.	Bullock's
Oakland, Calif.	H. C. Capwells'
Philadelphia, Penna.	Strawbridge & Clothier

Jaymee's teen skirt

Brooklyn, N. Y.	Abraham & Straus
Detroit, Mich.	Crowley's
Hartford, Conn.	Sage Allen & Co.
Richmond, Va.	Thalhimer's
St. Louis, Mo.	Famous-Barr Co.

## PRIZE PURCHASE—PAGE 28

Bambury

Denver, Colo.	Neusteters
Madison, Wisc.	Harry S. Manchester, Inc.
New Orleans, La.	D. H. Holmes Co., Ltd.
New York, N. Y.	Gimbels
Portland, Ore.	Meier & Frank Co.
Raleigh, N. C.	Ivey-Taylor Co.



# Jokes

## FIRST THINGS FIRST

SCOUTMASTER: There is an explosion, and a man is blown into the air. What is the first thing you would do?

TENDERFOOT SCOUT: Wait for him to come down, sir.

Sent by THERESE BONVILLAIN, Cincinnati, Ohio

## ENOUGH'S ENOUGH

"What's the matter now?" asked the circus manager when the Rubber Man announced he was leaving.

"Matter?" retorted the Rubber Man. "Every time the Strong Man writes a letter, he uses me for an eraser!"

Sent by BEVERLY J. SANFORD, Seymour, Connecticut

## BETTER HURRY

All things may come  
To those who wait—  
But when they do  
They're out of date.

Sent by KEETJIE OLSON, North Hollywood, California

## MAKING IT DIFFICULT

BIG SISTER: I'll help you with your arithmetic. Now, if I had ten apples and gave you two, how many would I have left?

LITTLE TOMMY: I don't know. In our class we do arithmetic with oranges.

Sent by MARY ELLEN BRIGMAN, Traverse City, Michigan

## SUBSTITUTION

DAUGHTER: Dad, I need a riding habit.

FATHER: Sorry, dear, I can't afford it.

DAUGHTER: But what will I do without a riding habit?

FATHER: Get the walking habit.

Sent by CAROL LEE STEVENS, De Ruyter, New York

## WATCH FOR SQUALLS!

SENTIMENTAL SWAIN: You are the sunshine of my life, the star of my firmament. Your frown is a dark cloud in my sky of happiness. Without you my future will be cold, overcast—

GIRL FRIEND: Wait a minute! Is this a proposal or weather forecast?

Sent by BETTY SIMMONS, Hamilton, Mont.

THE AMERICAN GIRL

## MAKE MINE CHOCOLATE

There was a young maid of Manila  
Whose favorite ice cream was vanilla;  
But sad to relate

Though you piled up her plate,  
'Twas impossible ever to fill her.

Sent by ANN DETTWILER, Greenfield, Indiana

## TAKE NO CHANCES

"This examination will be conducted on the honor system," said the instructor. "Please take seats three spaces apart, and in alternate rows."

Sent by PAT O'HEARN, Worcester, Massachusetts

## COMFORTER

BILL: I met that new fellow who drives the red convertible downtown, but he didn't speak. I guess he thinks I'm not his equal.

DOT: Why, that stupid, conceited moron—you certainly are!

Sent by ROBIN ROHRKE, Placerville, California

## WELL, WHY NOT?

The janitor of a swank bank, where many of the employees had important-sounding titles, tacked this sign on the door of his broom closet:

Office of the Trashier

Sent by JULIE RIFFERT, Ephrata, Pennsylvania

## IMPORTANT NOTICE

All jokes must be sent to THE AMERICAN GIRL on two-cent Government postal cards. Send as many jokes as you wish, but no more than two to a card. Write in ink, or on the typewriter, and be sure to give your name, full address, and age. Address your cards to THE AMERICAN GIRL, Jokes Department, 135 East 44th Street, New York 17, New York.

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H. E. Harris & Co., 1108 Transit Bldg., Boston 17

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| 3. A Blossom Fell                       | 13. Rock Around The Clock |
| 4. Learning The Blues                   | 14. Hey, Mr. Banjo        |
| 5. Most of All                          | 15. Chee, Chee Oh, Chee   |
| 6. Unchained Melody                     | 16. Hummingbird           |
| 7. Ballad of Davy Crockett              | 17. Sweet and Gentle      |
| 8. Cherry, Pink and Apple Blossom White | 18. If I May              |
| 9. Dance With Me Henry                  |                           |

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- |                        |                                |
|------------------------|--------------------------------|
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| 4. Making Believe               | 14. Hearts of Stone        |
| 5. That's All Right             | 15. Satisfied Mind         |
| 6. Would You Mind               | 16. Yellow Roses           |
| 7. There She Goes               | 17. Cuz You So Sweet       |
| 8. I've Been Thinking           | 18. I Love You Most        |
| 9. If Loving You Is Wrong       |                            |
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| 4. Oh, Susanna     | 10. Arkansas Traveler   |
| 5. Soldier's Joy   | 11. Little Brown Jug    |
| 6. Devil's Dream   | 12. Turkey in the Straw |

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"Original" means that in all contributions the idea, and the drawings or words which express that idea, must be entirely the sender's. Contributions must not be copied in any way from the work of another person.

**Short Stories:** Not over 800 words.

**Poems:** Two to twenty-five lines.

**Nonfiction:** Description, biographical or human-interest sketch, episode from real life. Not over 400 words.

**Drawings:** Black-and-white only, on stiff drawing paper or poster board; may be done in pencil, black writing ink, India ink, charcoal, tempera, or wash. Not smaller than 5" x 7". WARNING: Wrap carefully!

**Photographs:** Any subject, Black-and-white only. No smaller than 2 1/4" by 2 1/4". Wrap carefully, as damaged photographs will not be considered.

## RULES

1. Entries for the December, 1955, issue must be mailed on or before September 1, 1955. Entries will be considered only for the one issue of the magazine for which they are submitted.

2. On the upper half of the first page of all manuscripts—or on a sheet attached to drawings and photographs—there must be written:

The name, address, and age of sender.

Her troop number if she is a Girl Scout.

The number of words in the piece submitted.

The following endorsement, signed by parent, teacher, or guardian: "I have seen this contribution and am convinced that it is the original idea and work of the sender."

3. Manuscripts must be typewritten or neatly written in ink, on one side of the paper only.

4. Ages of the contributors will be considered in judging, and the decision of the judges is final. A contributor may send only one entry a month—not one of each kind, but only one.

5. All manuscripts, drawings, and photographs submitted become the property of THE AMERICAN GIRL MAGAZINE and cannot be acknowledged or returned. THE AMERICAN GIRL reserves the right to cut and edit manuscripts when necessary.

## AWARDS

First awards, \$10; all others, \$5. Each month a list of Honorable Mention contributions is printed. No awards are made for these.

Send entries to "By You" Dept. Editor

THE AMERICAN GIRL Magazine

155 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y.

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